# McKean County Miner.

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## SAM SPORITA ARRESTED ON SERIOUS CHARGE

### The Italian Attempted a Criminal Assault on Two Young Girls.

### ARRESTED AFTER HARD STRUGGLE.

**His Intended Victims Escaped—He was Lodged in Jail by Constable Timmerman—The Assailant was Positively Identified**

Several days ago an Italian, who worked in the woods near Crosby, attempted an assault on two young girls, aged about 17 and 15 years, and last Saturday Sam Sporita was lodged in jail charged with the crime. One of his companions is also in jail for assaulting and threatening to kill Constable Timmerman.

The story of the attempted assault is as follows: These two girls and two younger girls were returning home from the berry fields when they noticed an Italian was following them. They were a little frightened and stopped at a house along the road. After the Italian had passed some little time they resumed their homeward journey and when they reached a point in the road some distance from a house the Italian jumped out of a clump of bushes and caught the two older girls, dragging them into the bushes. The other two ran away screaming. The two captured girls made such a desperate fight that he was obliged to release the younger one, who also hurried for home. The other young lady kept up the struggle with this fiend until he became frightened and fled for the woods. The plucky girl, although nearly exhausted and with her clothing half torn from her body, made her way to the nearest house where she gave the alarm.

The girls were able to give a fairly good description of the fiend who had assaulted them and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. The warrant was given to Constable Timmerman, who went near the camp and watched for his man, but not being sure of his man went away without disclosing his presence.

Early the latter part of last week several Italians who lived at this shanty came to Crosby and Mr. Timmerman was on the watch for his man. He spotted one whom he thought was the guilty party, and the girls were sent for. The young ladies positively identified Sam Sporita as the man who had assaulted them and the constable attempted to arrest him. Several sons of sunny Italy came to the assistance of their countryman and a lively scrimmage ensued, but Timmerman is not lacking of sand and he held to his man until assistance came, even though he was the under man in a mixed rough and tumble. Friends of the constable soon routed the dagos and the fiend who attempted to assault the girls and another dago who pulled a revolver on Constable Timmerman were placed under arrest. They were brought to the county jail at Smethport to await hearing, and at the hearing both were held for trial at the October term of criminal court.

From the evidence brought out at the hearing before Justice E. V. Barbour it seems to be a clear case against Sporita and if he is found guilty in court he should receive the full penalty of the law.

### Gospel Workers' Camp Meeting.

The "Holy Rollers," or Gospel Workers' camp meeting drew large crowds the balance of last week, Sunday being the banner day. The large crowd that gathered there on this day were generally disappointed, for those great "demonstrations" which draw crowds to these camp meetings were not forthcoming. The preaching was extremely fiery in spots, but the audience was too intelligent to go "crazy with the heat" and converts were conspicuous by their absence with the exception of one or two "stool pigeons," and their efforts to draw the big flock under the net were unavailing.

Thursday evening, after reading the MINER, one of the preachers expressed a desire to meet the editor, but that desire soon wore off and we attended meetings later without being molested.

For some reason this religious sect is strongly opposed to the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches and they never miss an opportunity of rubbing it into these forms of religion.

Most of the workers departed on Monday for pastures new, but the meetings are being continued through this week. However, they are not drawing large crowds.

### Shrine Watch Charm Lost.

The Crescent and Star to a Mystic Shrine watch charm, initials "H. L. B." engraved on back, was lost last evening either in Bradford or the train returning to Smethport. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to the MINER office.

### The Gallup Family Reunion.

The second annual reunion of the Gallup family was held on Tuesday, August 15, 1905, at the home of Mrs. Fioretta Gallup, at Norwich Corners, Pa. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a goodly crowd was present from far and near in appreciation of this the second reunion of the Gallup family. On account of the rain many were late in arriving and after an exchange of greetings dinner was announced, and it is useless to say that the table groaned under the weight of good things there presented. After the repast Dr. Willey made some suitable remarks and an interesting story was read by Mrs. Warley Gifford, concerning the marriage of the daughter of an early descendant of the Gallup family, which was highly appreciated by those present.

As it is the usual custom to elect the oldest member of the Gallup family as president of the annual meetings Orvil Gallup was elected at the last meeting, but on account of illness was unable to be present, and Mr. F. D. Gallup acted in his place in a very acceptable manner.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, L. J. Gallup; secretary, M. J. Gallup, and treasurer, Orson Gallup, and the executive board consists of Mrs. Ket Gallup, Mrs. H. H. Gallup and Mrs. Lewis Rainer. It was agreed that the next meeting be on the third Tuesday of August, 1905.

The following out-of-town guests were present: Mrs. Julia Corwin and daughter, Mrs. Hawkins, and Miss Bessie Hawkins of Friendship, N. Y., Miss Olive Sargent of Norwich, N. Y., Mr. Chester Rice and daughter, Aletha Rice French of Nails Creek, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Smith Margeson and children of Hornellsville, N. Y., Mrs. Orpha Caller and Mr. Alexander of Randolph, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gallup of Youngsville, Pa., and others from Kane, Mt. Jewett, Port Allegany and other nearby towns.

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### "When Knighthood was in Flower."

The Burr McIntosh Monthly for August contains a portrait of Miss Rosalie Knott and adds: "Rosalie Knott is an actress who is extremely well known throughout the country, better in fact than she is in New York City. She has been very successful in playing roles which Julia Marlowe has created, for instance in 'The Cavalier,' 'When Knighthood was in Flower,' etc., appearing in these in parts of the country where Miss Marlowe's tour did not take her. She made her first big success playing the role of Lizzie in 'Quo Vadis' at the Fifth Avenue Theatre when the latter place was devoted to legitimate dramatic productions and had not become one of the Proctor vaudeville houses. Miss Knott has also played in a piece called 'The Empress Josephine' with William Humphreys, and the past season she played throughout the country under Frank Perley's management 'Cousin Kate,' used the year before last by Ethel Barrymore for starring purposes." Miss Knott will appear in "When Knighthood was in Flower" at the Lyceum Aug. 29th.

### The Good Old Times.

I take no stock in the lamentation of the sentimentalists about what they call "the good old times," says Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal. There is a deal of stuff and nonsense trolled off this text. Every man over fifty who is not precisely a boor is described as "a gentleman of the old school." We need but turn to the English satirists from Fielding to Thackeray to learn that the essential ingredients of Vanity Fair had their existence one or two hundred years ago. In the proportion that there were more nature and coarser fibre there were livelier doings. In proportion that there were more dramatis personæ upon the stage there was better play for the individual. I confess that I like a little blood in mine. Sincerity even in wickedness has a flavor quite its own. But he who fails to see the world as it is and refuses to take it as he finds it, falls inevitably between the three-legged stool of a very false philosophy and the high-backed chair of very ill-judged perversity, with consequence sometime serious and always humiliating.

### Accidentally Shot.

Yesterday afternoon about five o'clock the eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huber, who live on the Bliss farm, was accidentally shot by Ed Anderson, who was carrying a rifle.

The Huber boy, his brother, Ed Anderson and another boy were out after the cows. They were going up a hill, and the rifle in some manner was discharged, the bullet striking the Huber boy in the back of the head, killing him almost instantly.—Saturday's Kane Republican.

When preparing for your vacation go to Charles Lemmler for a trunk or traveling bag. His stock is complete and the quality is of the best.

Not too late for a hot plate or gas range. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Be humane and buy a fly net for your horse. Charles Lemmler has a full line.

## TWO PEOPLE DROP DEAD ON MONDAY

### Merritt Childs Found Dead in Road Near Palmerville.

### MRS. BURGESS DIES AT COLEVILLE.

**Mr. Childs Stricken While on His Way to His Home—Mrs. Burgess Expired at Home.**

Merritt Childs, who resided on the road to Clermont, near Palmerville, was found dead in the road near his home Monday afternoon. The deceased, who is about 82 years of age, had been down to Marvindale on a business mission and started to walk home, a distance of about one and one-half miles. The effort proved too much for the aged gentleman and he fell, expiring immediately it is supposed. We have not been able to get positive information as to the exact facts, but it is thought that it was some hours after his death that his body was found and removed to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Childs have resided on their farm near Palmerville for many years and were highly respected by all who knew them. We understand that he is survived by his aged wife.

As many of our readers will remember, this aged couple was robbed of considerable money some ten years ago. On the night of March 20, 1895, a gang of masked men entered the house and after brutally assaulting the old couple ransacked the house, getting over $600 in money. Three negroes were arrested for the crime, two of whom were convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Nellie, wife of Clinton Burgess, dropped dead at her home in Coleville on Monday while attending to her household duties. The cause of her death was neuralgia of the heart and she was 29 years of age.

Two weeks previous to her death Mrs. Burgess gave birth to a child but she had apparently recovered from that illness and was in comparatively good health up to the time that she expired.

Mrs. Burgess was formerly Miss Nellie Palmer and was born in Alfred, N. Y., where she resided until she was united in marriage to Mr. Burgess. To them were born six children, all of whom survive, together with her husband, mother and two sisters and one brother to deeply mourn the sudden demise of a kind and loving wife, mother daughter and sister.

The funeral services were held at her late home on Tuesday at 2 p. m., Rev. L. C. Randolph officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in the Farmers Valley cemetery.

### Aged Citizen Dead.

John Campbell, a resident of Bradford during the past quarter century, died at 9:30 o'clock Sunday morning at the home of his son, David Campbell, No. 81 State street, of ailments incident to old age. He had been in a serious condition for about 10 days and his death was not entirely unexpected. On Saturday the descendants of the man celebrated his 93d birthday as had been the custom on a like anniversary for years. Of his children, all were present, with the exception of Robert Campbell, who is a resident of Pickford, Mich. The deceased possessed many admiral traits of mind and character, a generous nature and a cheerful disposition, which endeared him to innumerable friends and acquaintances.

He is survived by five sons, David Campbell of this city, John H. Campbell of Kittanning, George W. and William H. Campbell of Butler and Robert Campbell of Pickford, Mich., and a daughter, Mrs. S. D. Winter of Bradford.—Bradford Era.

### Fire at Roulette.

Monday afternoon Elden Barr of the firm of Card & Barr, was at the Rafferty Hotel plumbing for a gas jet in one of the bedrooms in the second story. Thinking the escaping gas was out of the room he lighted a match to test the burner when an explosion occurred, burning Mr. Barr in a fearful manner about the head and hands. The contents of the room, which was newly furnished, were destroyed by fire and water but fortunately the house was saved by help being at hand. Mr. Barr's many friends hope he may recover from his burns, but no doubt he will be laid up for some time.—Potter Journal.

### Harvest Excursion.

On Monday, Sept. 4th, the P. S. & N. R. R. will run an excursion from Hornellsville and intermediate points to St. Marys and return. Train leaves Smethport at 11:15 a. m. Fare for the round trip 75c.

Go to J. C. Hamlin for all kinds of Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses and Preserving Kettles.

Subscribe for the MINER.

### ANCIENT HISTORY.

**Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.**

Wednesday evening, Dec. 18, 1878, the Wright House received a close call from the "fire fiend" through the carelessness—to say the least—of one of the guests. One room was occupied by J. L. Andrews, a Mr. Connelly and a Mr. Wilber. The two former had retired, Mr. Wilber came in late and supposing from appearances that there was no fire in the stove converted it into a wardrobe by hanging thereon his vest, coat and overcoat. There was a smouldering fire in the stove, however, and the door was open to prevent a draught. But a portion of the coat hung over the door answering every purpose of that article of furniture, and it was not long before the sleeping occupants of the room were awakened by the smell of smoke. Mr. Andrews promptly removed the coats from the stove, and the action of the air set them into a blaze, which was with considerable difficulty, extinguished. It was fortunate that the fire was discovered in season, before it had attained any headway, and it is quite likely that Mr. Wilber will hereafter ascertain to a dead certainty that there is no fire in the stove before he uses it as a hat-rack.

The occupants of the jail were awakened Wednesday morning, Dec. 11, 1878, about five o'clock by the cries of someone in great distress in the rear of the building. Deputy Peck went outside and there one of the prisoners named Jack Lynch was found lying on the ground, helpless and apparently suffering great pain. He was carried inside and with many groans told the story of his mishap.

He and his pal, Tom Hughes, had dug a passage from their cell by the old route up into the garret. Here they tied their bedclothes by which to let themselves down from the garret window to the ground, a distance of about forty feet.

Lynch was the first one to make the trial. He let himself down carefully hand over hand until he had got about eight feet when the rope parted and he fell to the ground, thirty feet below. He struck on his feet, and for a minute did not know he was hurt. He got up and put on his coat and boots, which he had previously thrown down, when all at once he fell to the ground, helpless and howling with pain and only too glad to be taken inside again. The shock seemed to have driven him, one might say, all in a heap, and it is a wonder it did not splinter every bone in his body. He suffered intensely all day. Large swellings puffed out on his ankles and the lower part of his spine, and he complained of much pain inwardly. He is a heavy man, weighing about two hundred, and one can imagine the momentum he must have attained before he struck the ground. His companion, Hughes, was left in the garret, and though loth to come down finally obeyed the summons of the deputy and made his appearance. Both were hard looking customers, their faces, hair and clothes begrimmed with dirt and covered with plaster. It is one consolation that Lynch's bad luck will rather discourage other pining jail birds from going out by way of the garret window, unless some one provides them with a strong rope—or unless the sheriff supplies a better quality of quilts.

Mr. Lucius Rogers, of McKean county, was on Tuesday [Jan. 14, 1879] elected Journal Clerk of the Senate for the eleventh time, and each time practically without opposition, a fact which speaks volumes for the able and conscientious manner in which he has performed the duties of the position. We congratulate the Senate on its selection of a Journal Clerk, and Mr. Rogers on his good fortune in again securing his re-election.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Mrs. Polly Burbank, the last of the early settlers of Norwich township, this county, was buried on Monday, Jan. 27, 1879. She lived to a good old age, numbering 86 years, 10 months and 20 days at the time of her death. Her maiden name was Colegrove. She was a sister of the father of W. J. Colegrove, and the mother of Alonzo Burbank, Palmer Abbey's wife, and G. A. Hyde's first wife. She had been married twice, her first husband being a Mr. Greene, by whom she had three children. She was born in Connecticut, and was among the earliest settlers of the county, when McKean county was an unbroken wilderness.

Tate. At Lawrenceville, Pa., Jan. 31 1879, Georgia, infant daughter of J. H. and E. M. Tate, of Clermont, Pa., and grand-daughter of Samuel Chapman, Lawrenceville, Pa.

Coudersport is happy over its prospective telegraphic communication with the outer world. Poles have been put up within ten miles of that place on the east and within three miles on the south or west. It will not be long now before the "look-diggers" of Potter will be able to occasionally leave their native haunts by following the telegraph poles instead of blazed trees.—[1879.]

Call and see the enclosed great Boss Washer. Holmes & Gilfillan.

## BRADFORD BEATS KANE AT SMETHPORT

### Tuesday's Games Results in a Score of Bradford 8, Kane 6.

### COUDERSPORT HERE NEXT WEEK.

**Game Characterized by Some Good and Some Poor Playing—Two Home Runs Were Made.**

The first of a series of Interstate League games to be played at Smethport was pulled off at Kane Field Tuesday afternoon between Kane and Bradford and resulted in a victory for the Drillers by a score of 8 to 6.

On Monday and Tuesday of next week the fast Coudersport team will play two of their regularly scheduled games with Bradford at Smethport and these games should be largely attended. Bradford to-day has as strong a team as there is in the league and they will make a desperate effort to trim the leaders and thus close up the gap in the percentage column to some extent.

Bradford was first at bat. Dowd went out on a fly to left field, Ford hit safely, Keefe got hit, but Jessop fanned Lang and Corcoran. For Kane Clark drew a pass, stole second, was sacrificed to third by Donahue and scored on Bastian's single.

Clark scored for Bradford in the second by drawing a pass, advancing on Davey's sacrifice, stealing third and coming in on McAndrew's error at first. In Kane's half McAndrews drew a pass, reached second on Burrell's sacrifice, Drake reached first on an error, Clark waited for four bad ones and Donahue's hit scored two runs.

Keefe started the parade for Bradford in the third with a single, Lang sacrificed, Corcoran and Clark hit safely, but the latter was caught at second on a player's choice. In trying to catch Corcoran leading off third Eichberger hit Mickey on the arm and he scored, McCarty was passed up and Hazelton, Dowd, Ford and Keefe all made singles. This bombardment, together with some foolish throwing and dumb ball playing, gave the Drillers six runs.

There was nothing further doing in the run getting line until the sixth inning when Lang drove a hard one into creek, and in the seventh Clark, Kane's clever outfielder duplicated the performance.

In the eighth inning Bradford made three singles but as all were short ones no runs were made.

In the last half of the ninth Burrell drew a pass, went to third on Drake's single, Jessop got a life on an error which scored two runs but was caught trying to steal second during an argument, Clark was passed and caught at second on player's choice and Ford's catch of Bastians short drive ended the game.

Following is the tabulated score:

| Bradford | AB | R | H | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dowd, 3rd | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Ford, 2nd | 6 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 3 | 1 |
| Keefe, rf | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Lang, lb | 4 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Corcoran, lf | 5 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Clark, ss | 3 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 6 | 0 |
| Davey, cf | 4 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| McCarthy, c | 4 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Hazelton, p | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Total | 40 | 8 | 12 | 27 | 14 | 2 |

| Kane | AB | R | H | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Clark, lf | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Donahue, 2nd | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Bastian, ss | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Eichberger, c | 4 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Broshard, 3rd | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| McAndrews, 1st | 3 | 1 | 1 | 14 | 0 | 1 |
| Burrell, cf | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Drake, rf | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Jessop, p | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Total | 31 | 6 | 4 | 27 | 11 | 6 |

| By innings: | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bradford | 0 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| Kane | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 6 |

Earned runs—Kane 1; Bradford 2.
Home runs—Lang; Clark.
Struck out—by Jessop 4; by Hazelton 1.
Base on balls—off Jessop 5; off Hazelton 6.
Double play—Broshard, unassisted.
Hit by pitcher—Keefe.
Time of game—1.50.
Umpire—Bassett.

### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 12, 1905:

A. M. Bannon, Mrs. L. C. Brock, Evan L. Groom, Kreitz & Behler, Mrs. C. C. Larson, C. F. McMillan, Ed Myers, Hick Pratt, R. W. Taylor, David Totten, J. M. Woodruff, Mrs. S. C. Willey, Foreign—Ferdinand di Cello di Michelangelo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster

### Art Exhibition.

Claus G. Mosler has had some very fine examples of his work on exhibition in the Gallup building, among which are enlarged pictures of Sheriff Mays, George W. Brownell, Dr. S. D. Freeman, late of Smethport; Dr. Winger of Bradford; J. L. Smith, Clermont; O. D. Underwood, Coleville; a group of five girl babies, the children of Mrs. G. B. Carr and her four sisters, all born within three weeks. Mr. Mosler had many other pictures on exhibition all of which show that his work is first class in every respect.

### Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, Crosby Union of the W. C. T. U. is called to mourn the loss of one of its earnest and consecrated members, and

Whereas, We are comforted and encouraged by the holy message, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them," as we learned of her death sadness came to our hearts and we are led to exclaim, "God's thoughts are above our thoughts and his ways are above our ways." We feel that no tribute of love or appreciation is too great to lay at the feet of this beloved sister.

On July 29 Mrs. Flora Jane Dunbar departed this life to the life eternal. She was truly one of God's own, always abounding in the work and faith of God, teaching by word and precept His love and watch-care. As a member of the Union her voice and counsel were ever true to her temperance principles. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the translation of our beloved sister, Flora J. Dunbar, this Union has met an irreparable loss by the decease of one of God's noble women.

Resolved, That we will retain a vivid recollection of her many blessed qualities, that we seek to emulate her work to which she devoted her best thoughts and efforts.

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss with great heaviness of heart we yet have thoughts for the afflicted family, to whom we express assurance of unbounded sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our next meeting and that a copy of the same be presented to the afflicted family.

MRS. SARAH GROVES,
MRS. ROSA GRIERSON.

At a meeting of the McKean County Pomona Grange held at Turtle Point, Aug. 2, 1905, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The Pennsylvania Experimental Station is putting out at considerable expense a press bulletin, giving the relative value of feeding stuffs, etc., which we believe would be of much interest and help to the farmers, if printed by the editors of the county papers, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a county organization, do earnestly request the editors of such papers to print these bulletins as they may receive them from time to time from the experimental station for the benefit of anyone who may be interested.

O. W. ABBEY, Master,
JAS. QUIRK, Secretary,
L. W. HOWDEN, Deputy.

### Great Grangers' Picnic.

The 32nd Annual Great Grangers' Picnic Exhibition will be held at Williams' Grove, Pa., August 28 to September 2, 1905. This is undoubtedly the largest and finest display of farm machinery held in the east. The beauty of the exhibit is that so much of it is running. Saw Mills, Shingle Mills, Threshing Machinery, Traction Engines and Ensilage Cutters galore are all shown in operation. A splendid stock exhibit is promised. The auditorium will be attractive as usual. During the day addresses by leading Grangers and Agriculturists. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings illustrated lectures by Frank R. Roberson. Thursday and Friday evenings musical and literary entertainments by the best of Chautauqua talent. Major R. H. Hendershot and Son, the most wonderful drummers and fifers in the world. Everything first class. Tickets good from August 28rd to September 6th, at low rates on all railroads. Consult your nearest ticket agent.

### G. A. R. National Encampment.

Only $16.50 for the round trip from St. Louis to Denver, Colo. Proportionally low rates from all eastern points. Tickets on sale from Aug. 30th to Sept. 4th, and good on all regular trains. Standard Pullman and Tourist sleeping cars. Write for itinerary and information concerning special trains for this occasion. Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, No. Pac. Ry., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

### Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

### For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Pattle, Smethport, Pa.

Lemmler's is the place to buy cranks, repairing, lamps and fly nets. Reliable goods at reasonable prices is his motto.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Oak and chestnut tenor po. Inquire of Victor P. Bento.

Still a few screen doors and windows at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

# When the Betsy Came Into Port

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

Copyright, 1903, by George Ethelbert Walsh

"HERE are the orders, captain. Sail soon's the cargo's aboard. Old Peck wants the pine coffins in Boston by the 10th. Guess you'll have to get a move on the old Betsy to fetch up there in time. Storm's brewing on the coast too."

Lester, happy go lucky cigarette fiend and incidentally shipping clerk for Peck & Son, New York shipowners, flipped the bill of lading across the greasy table and appropriated Captain Ezra's best chair for a foot rest.

"I understand the Betsy's going out of commission," continued Lester. "She doesn't pay the old man, and he's going to sell her. Had a man down yesterday to look at her and he was to come again today."

The pipe went back to the trembling mouth and the teeth closed on it with a click.

"You'll get a chance at shore duty, captain dock watchman, timekeeper or something. Peck senior says you're getting too old and timid to sail his ships, and the Betsy's like you. You don't take risks enough to suit Peck & Son. The old man said the other day he believed you were afraid of a ghost of a zephyr. Another captain would put the Betsy through a storm and not dodge from port to port to wait for fair weather."

"Humph!" snorted Captain Ezra. "An' lose the Betsy an' everything on board."

"Never mind, captain. There are worse positions than dock watchman or timekeeper."

After his exit from the smoke stained cabin Captain Ezra puffed away in silence, his eyes roaming around the dingy but sacred walls of his home until they blinked with watery tenderness. Somehow the Betsy had become a part of him. She was wife, home, children. They had grown old together in the coasting trade. Her patched sails and spliced rigging, strained timbers and bulging deck seams were all visible signs of the strenuous life she had lived on the rough Atlantic.

When Captain Ezra finally walked on deck there was little animation in his movements. The news that had been so flippantly conveyed to him had aged him so that his steps lagged as though his limbs were weighted with lead.

Unprofitable seasons in the coasting trade had forced him year by year to increase his indebtedness to Peck & Son. Hoping for the best, he had neglected to pay interest on the mortgages, and the last one was overdue now nearly a year. The Betsy was his in name only. The law entitled its rightful owners to sell the schooner over his head.

"Ain't risky enough ter suit 'em?" Captain Ezra mumbled to his pipe. "Too timid ter navergate a rowboat? Afeard of a ghost of a wind? Humph! I guess they'd think diff'rent ef they went through some of 'em storms with me when the Betsy was young and stanch. But she ain't what she used ter be, an' neither am I. No, we're gettin' old an' rheumatic. But we ain't afeard of storm or anything else what any other boat can stand up in."

When the schooner dropped down the bay the storm signals were flying from the top of the Maritime Exchange and outside a stiff breeze was ruffling up the Atlantic. Captain Ezra, loaded light with his pine coffins, sought shelter inside of the Horseshoe until the wind could blow itself out. Half a dozen coasting steamers and sailing craft kept him company, all riding at anchor behind the sheltering spit of sand, as safely as though moored at their dock up the bay.

Late in the afternoon a small tug fussed and fumed through the sea of foam, making direct for the Betsy. Captain Ezra stood on the after deck watching the saucy craft approaching. Suddenly his bent form stiffened, and he stood at attention.

"Hello, captain! We want to come aboard! Give us a line!"

The speaker was a short, thickset man standing in the bow of the tug. Captain Ezra instantly recognized the face and figure. Just at that moment it brought no sense of pleasure to the skipper of the Betsy.

"We want to look over the Betsy before you sail," panted the man as he scrambled aboard. "This friend of mine is thinking of buying her. Fine craft, captain, ain't she? Just the sort to run before a stiff breeze like this. Wonder we caught you down here."

"All right, Mr. Peck, ye can look her over," replied Captain Ezra, turning his back on the two men and walking forward.

He was employed to sail the Betsy, and not to exhibit her good points to prospective buyers. The senior member of Peck & Son stared hard at him a moment and then turned away.

"Captain's a little gruffy today," he muttered. "Those coasting skippers always are when you board their schooners after they've left port. Think they own everything, and they try to lord it over you. But I'll settle that with him later."

There was every opportunity to inspect the Betsy under most favorable circumstances. The tug was dismissed, to call later, and after two hours of close examination Peck senior took possession of Captain Ezra's cabin to talk over the deal under the quieting influence of something peculiarly good, which the company furnished for just such occasions.

"Yes, she's one of the best schooners in the trade," the shrewd owner said as he poured out the third glass of port. Captain Ezra's sailed her for more'n twenty years without an accident. Why, she could weather this gale with ease." Conversation continued, accompanied by the clinking of glasses, until suddenly a lurch of the schooner precipitated the contents of the glass in Owner Peck's lap.

"The storm must be increasing," he added. "I never knew it so rough here in the Horseshoe before. Now, as I was saying—"

And so on through half an hour of business talk of the Betsy. As they talked the wind seemed to go to their heads, for certainly the floor of the cabin lurched and tipped until they retained their upright positions with difficulty. Finally Jonathan Peck started to his feet.

"I—I think I'll go on deck," he said. "I need a little fresh air. This cabin is hot and stuffy; everything seems to be reeling."

Once on deck he stood a moment in blank dismay, fully convinced that the wine had befuddled his mind. Instead of quietly riding at anchor inside of the Hook the Betsy was plowing her way through seas so boisterous that every one seemed to break over her deck, sweeping her from stem to stern.

"Captain—er—what has happened?" he stammered, wiping his perspiring forehead and staring at the calm features of the skipper.

"Nothin', Mr. Peck," was the quiet reply. "We're sailin' before a pretty stiff breeze, an' the sea's a little rough."

"Sailing! Where to?" gasped the head of the shipping firm.

"Boston, sir. Them pine coffins must be delivered thar by the 10th, an' the Betsy's got for more lively ter get thar in time."

"Good God, captain, are you crazy?" suddenly shrieked the now alarmed man. "Turn her back! Turn her back at once!"

"Can't do it, sir. My orders was to sail soon's the cargo was aboard, an' I got ter reach Boston by the 10th."

The calm, imperturbable face of the grizzled old sea captain increased the anger of the frightened owner.

"Turn her around and go back to New York, I say!" shouted the man. "I order you! I command you!"

"Won't make much diff'rence of ye do, Mr. Peck. I'm captain of the Betsy, an' I've got my orders before I left port."

"You—you refuse to obey me?" gasped the owner.

"I'm obeyin' orders—that's all."

"I'll discharge you, arrest you for this! I discharge you now! I'll make the first mate captain. Here, Billings, I'—

A heavy hand was suddenly laid on his arm and a voice growled menacingly in his ear:

"Stop that, now, or I'll put ye in irons! Get back in the cabin an' stay thar until I tell ye ter come on deck again. Ef ye don't obey I'll iron ye. Yes, by Jimmy! I'll do it shqwayy ef ye don't shut up. Ye ain't on land, Mr. Peck, where ye can order an' kick yer men around. Ye're on the high seas, an' I'm captain of the Betsy. It may be the last time I'll sail her—"

"Yes, the last time!" snorted Jonathan Peck.

"An' I'm goin' ter have one good old time with her, sich as we used ter have together when we was both young an' fresh. The Betsy ain't too old ter struggle through this storm, an' we ain't afeard—fer neither one of us. But, by gum, we're goin' ter let ye see what we can do. We're jest goin' ter have a tearin' old time on this trip, an' we'll convince ye that we ain't afeard of anything that blows on the high seas."

"You're crazy, captain—crazy as a loon," stammered Peck in dismay. "You will drown us all, and—and"—

"Mebbe I will," was the unsatisfactory answer. "I ain't answerin' fur the safe delivery of any of ye into Boston, but I want ye ter find out fur yerself that I ain't afeard of any of yer storms an' winds an' that the Betsy is a stanch craft. Yes, sir," turning to the prospective buyer, "a stanch craft! She'll weather any gale that any other coaster can, an' she's worth buyin'. But thar ain't no captain that knows how ter sail her better'n me. I've been with her night an' day fur nigh on to forty years, an' she's never had a wreck. Mebbe it was because I was too careful with her, Mr. Peck—too timid an' not risky enough ter suit ye."

The evident contempt in the words and voice stung the old merchant, who turned upon the skipper and apologized.

"I never said you didn't take good care of her, Captain Ezra. You were always trustworthy, and"—

"Afeard of the ghost of a zephyr."

"Sometimes you were a little too cautious, and"—

"Too timid ter navergate a rowboat!"

"Er—er—captain, you don't understand me," added the stout owner in surprise.

"Ain't good fur much now except ter watch the docks an' keep time on the workmen," continued the irate captain.

"I—I—what do you mean?"

"That I ain't goin' ter take no shore position from ye, an' that the Betsy an' me are goin' ter show ye we ain't so old an' rheumatic as ye think. We're goin' ter take risks this trip, Mr. Peck. Yes, great risks. I hope the Betsy's cargo is well insured."

For three hours the Betsy staggered before the wind like a bibulous victim hurled forward by some ungainable power from behind. From each shock she recoiled as if shattered beyond repair. The timbers creaked and groaned under the strain, the rigging whipped and whistled in the wind, but the good ship managed to stand up bravely and take her punishment.

Jonathan Peck succumbed to fear and terror. The wild scene made him pound where before the drunkenness had Captain Ezra's imitators.

The night passed somehow, a wild carnival of storm and nasty weather. The Betsy, under the careful handling of the old skipper, held her own, but in the dawn of a new day she appeared bedraggled and exhausted. The wind and waves had subsided somewhat and the fog had lifted considerably when Jonathan Peck, pale and weak kneed, stumbled on deck. A gleam of hope entered the bloodshot eyes when he saw the subsiding storm.

"How near shore are we, captain?" he asked abruptly.

"Don't know," was the bluff reply. "We ain't headed that way. There's a ship in distress a derelict, I guess—an' we're pinted toward her."

"What for?" stammered the owner in surprise. "She's deserted, and you can't save her!"

"We can get salvage money on her of we tow her ter port. She's a mighty good ship, I reckon. Jest look fur yerself, Mr. Peck."

Mr. Peck looked and saw a big three masted schooner that had not fared so well as the Betsy. She appeared twice the size of the plucky little coaster.

"You can't tow her to port in this storm, Captain Ezra," exclaimed Jonathan Peck, a new terror bulging out his eyes. "It's suicide, it's madness, downright lilooy!"

"It may be all that," calmly answered Captain Ezra, "but we'll try it. I need the salvage money, Mr. Peck, an' I'll get it. I said the Betsy an' me would have a frisky time an' we'd show ye what we was made of. We ain't too old for work yet."

In vain the irate owner stormed, threatened and pleaded. Captain Ezra kept the Betsy pointed toward the drifting derelict.

"Captain," said the now thoroughly cowed man of business, "Captain"—and the voice was husky—"how much salvage money do you expect to get out of this?"

Captain Ezra continued to stare at the schooner drifting toward them. Without turning his head he said:

"Seein' she's such a big one, an' pretty new at that, an' not much damaged, I reckon my share would about cover them mortgages on the Betsy, with interest ter date."

Jonathan Peck fainted. He looked from the captain to the derelict. He knew the value of the prize if once towed to port, but the valued life above money and ships. After a moment of hard breathing he said:

"I'll do it, captain."

Captain Ezra wheeled around sharply [illegible]

"[illegible] if you'll sail [illegible] and land me."

[illegible] snapped [illegible] mortgages was given [illegible] I ain't makin' me [illegible] I don't pay 'em [illegible] the Betsy, an' she's worth [illegible]

"[illegible]?" stammered [illegible]

"[illegible] this time we won't [illegible] it was held now on the sea, and his face [illegible] a grim smile. He looked [illegible] at the man before him and said:

"I jest want ter sail the Betsy [illegible] as she's hung tergether an' then die with her."

There was a solemnity in the words, simply uttered, that made their import strangely effective. Jonathan Peck was silent a moment. Then he stepped nearer.

"Captain, I've misjudged and misunderstood you," he had the honesty to say, "and I apologize for my past words. I promise you that the Betsy shall stay in commission as long as she can sail and that no other captain shall command her."

Captain Ezra looked suspicious. "Ye mean it?" he said slowly.

"I'll promise you before the crew and put it in writing."

"Tain't necessary, Mr. Peck. I'll take yer word fur it. We'll go back now to port. Ye want ter reach New York, I reckon, soon's ye can?"

"Yes, but put me into the nearest harbor."

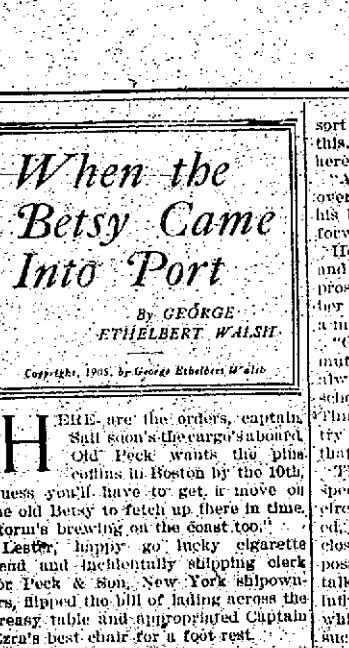
"That ain't fer off, Mr. Peck—not so far as ye think," was the quiet rejoinder, "It's gettin' lighter now. The fog's about gone, an' ye can see the shore."

The dim outline of land was visible on the port side. Captain Ezra pointed to it and added: "There's the Sandy Hook light. We'll reach it in a couple of hours."

Jonathan Peck started and looked incredulous. The outlines of the shore seemed to grow familiar. A smile played on his lips.

"How far out of the harbor have we been, Captain Ezra?" he asked in a voice of humility.

"'Bout five miles, Mr. Peck."



"YE CAN LOOK HER OVER."

### A Famous Beauty.

Mme. de Remusat had features so perfect that her contemporaries said she was worthy to sit as a model for a Greek goddess. The flesh of her face closely resembled alabaster, and yet she was not pale and did not give the impression of being in delicate health. Her beauty attracted universal attention to her no matter where she went, and even in old age she retained most of her good looks.

### Simpler.

Simpler—They are going to be married? Why, I didn't know they were engaged. Smarter—Well, you see, there are so many engagements broken nowadays that they thought they wouldn't get engaged—just simply married.—London Answers.

### When His Trouble Comes.

Smith—Do you mean to say you don't have any trouble in keeping your wife dressed in the height of fashion? Wedderburn—That's what I said. My trouble comes when I don't keep her dressed that way."

"IT MAY BE ALL THAT, BUT WE'LL TRY IT."

## NATIONS AND DRINKS

### A VAST DIFFERENCE IN THE USE OF CERTAIN BEVERAGES.

**America and Russia Are Widely Apart in the Consumption of Coffee—How Italy and England Differ in the Use of Tea, Beer and Wine.**

Nations differ in what they drink far more than in their dress or speech, the size of their armies or the amount of their national debt. In their use of coffee, for example, the American and the Russian offer as great a contrast as an octogenarian and a year-old babe. On an average, the American drinks as much coffee in one day as does the Muscovite in eighty days. In the consumption of tea, beer and wine the English and the Italians differ to a still more startling degree. In one day the average Britisher sips as much tea as eighteen hundred Italians, and in the same length of time he swallows enough beer to keep the average Italian supplied for six months. Yet in wine drinking the Italian shows that he can equal eighty-four John Bulls.

According to the latest statistics of the department of commerce at Washington, it appears that the American is fairly temperate when compared with some of his European brothers. He drinks less beer than the Englishman, the German or the Austrian. In the use of spirituous liquors he falls still further behind and finds himself outclassed by the Austrian, the Hungarian, the German and the Frenchman. He also ranks fifth among the nations as a wine drinker. The Frenchman, the Italian, the Austrian and the German go ahead of him.

The American, far more than many Europeans, seeks refreshment and renewed energy in the "cup which inebriates, but does not intoxicate." Coffee and tea are his favorite beverages. On an average he drinks more coffee than the native of any country of the old world, and when classed with Europeans he is surpassed only by the English in his use of tea.

The comparative temperance of the American, furthermore, would seem to be little endangered by the great immigration hither at the present time of Russians and Italians. In the use of spirits the Italian is at the very bottom of the list of Europeans. He also drinks less beer than any of his neighbors. He drinks considerable wine, but it is a wine that contains little alcohol, and even in this category he falls some distance behind the French. The Russian ranks sixth in the consumption of spirits, and he drinks one-thirtieth as much beer as the Englishman. He also uses so little wine that not even an estimate is obtainable of how much he does drink.

Should an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Austrian, a German, an Italian and a Russian sit down to a table together and order drinks in a quantity that would show the relative consumption of these beverages by their respective peoples some would get enough for a bath, while others would obtain only a few swallows. If they should take tea, for instance, the Englishman would find himself confronted with 1,500 cups, the American with 400, the Russian with 275, the German with 36, the Austrian with 20, the Frenchman with 18 and the Italian with only 1.

If the tea should prove unsatisfactory and the party order beer, the Englishman again would prove himself the heaviest drinker. He would be found to rank considerably ahead of the German, who is generally supposed to swallow most of this beverage. He would get 175 glasses, while the German would take 150, the Austrian 100, the American 90, the Frenchman 67, the Russian 5 and the Italian only 1.

In case the weather should turn suddenly cold and the little assemblage decided that "something hot" would be better and every one order spirits, the Austrian would then outclass all the others. Nevertheless he would not distance his rivals to any great extent. It would be found that liquor suits the taste of the various drinkers far more evenly than any of the other beverages ordered. The Austrian would, for example, take 9 glasses, the German 6, the Frenchman 5, the American, the Englishman and the Russian (though the American's glasses would contain a trifle more than the Englishman's, and the Englishman's "a bit" more than the Russian's), while the Italian would satisfy himself with 1.

Should the liquor prove too hot without a weaker drink afterward and all agree on wine for their farewell toasts the Frenchman would then "outswallow" his companions. His order would call for 109 glasses, while the Italian would content himself with 84, the Austrian with 17, the German with 6, the American with 1½ glasses and the Englishman with 1.

If at the end of this convivial scene the party should think some coffee would steady their nerves, the American would at last be found in the lead. He would ask for 60 cups, while the German would order 32, the Frenchman 21, the Austrian 10, the Italian 6, the Englishman 3 and the Russian only 1.—New York Tribune.

### A Story With a Moral.

A prominent New York banker was dilating on the dangers of deceit. By way of illustration, he told of a society woman who saw in a jeweler's window a collar of pearls that she wanted. She inquired the price and was told $6,000. She gave her check for $3,000, saying she would send her husband to see the pearls, but the jeweler was to tell him they cost only $8,000. The storekeeper was familiar with that sort of game and agreed. The husband came to see the pearls, and that evening told his wife he had bought them. His wife delightedly asked if he had brought home the collar, whereupon he replied: "No, dear; I had it sent to my mother. You know, it is her birthday tomorrow."

### The Evil of Inheritance.

It is not so bad when a rich man cuts off his heirs for spite. Inheritance has worked enormous mischief ever since there were fortunes to leave. In most cases it is a misfortune to be an heir.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## LIFE ON A WARSHIP.

**Why the Men Are Allowed to Indulge In Athletic Sports.**

To see a thirteen inch gun loaded and fired is a sight not to be forgotten. The projectile is thirteen inches in diameter, about three feet in length and weighs 1,100 pounds. The powder charge for target practice is 270 pounds. The cost for each shot is about $500. When all is ready on the range the signal siren sounds, there is a blinding flash, a roar like thunder and a jarring shock. Then you hear the whining screech of the shell, for all the world like a fast express rounding a sharp curve. The projectile is visible almost from the time it leaves the gun. You see it rip through the target and strike the water beyond, throwing up a column of liquid many feet high. The shell skips, much like the flat stone "skipper" of our boyhood, and again a column of water shoots up two miles or more farther out, to be repeated time and again. The shell in its flight can be watched without the aid of glasses for eight miles or more in clear weather.

While the life of a sailor, from captain down to apprentice, is an almost continual round of work, some time is found for athletic sports, such as boat racing, football and baseball. The object of this is to give the men recreation and at the same time to foster the spirit of competition. Besides, it makes the men faster to muster. The ship with a strong football or baseball team or the fastest race boat almost invariably has a happy and easily managed crew—a crew that will swear that its officers are the finest men in the world, and likewise the officers swear by such a crew. Some ships have training tables for their athletic teams, the expense usually being defrayed by the officers. The team or boat crew, as the case may be, is petted by the officers and pampered by the crew, and for some time before a hard contest the men are excused from various duties in order that they may give more time to training.

Every battleship and cruiser has its race boat, purchased by contributions from officers and men. The prizes paid for these boats is, as a rule, contingent upon their winning certain specified races. The builders are willing to take a chance, knowing that the crew will do its best to win. For a winning boat the price is often as much as $1,000, while for a boat that proves less speedy the builder will accept $500 or less. On the result of a fleet boat race as much as $30,000 has been known to change hands, and large sums are also wagered on baseball and football games. This is, of course, contrary to the letter of the regulations, but the sporting instinct is as strong in the navy as elsewhere—and it is not always possible to hold down the lid.—Leslie's Weekly.

## YOUTH IS CONTAGIOUS.

**And Young Wives, It Is Claimed, Rejuvenate Old Husbands.**

"Strange statistics," said an insurance agent, "are collected in my business.

"I have found that the more times a man marries the younger in comparison with himself he wants his wife to be. For instance, his first wife on the average is four years younger than he. His second is ten. His third is twenty or thirty.

"What do these statistics prove? Do they prove that as a man gains in years and experience he finds that it is best, for many reasons, to be almost as old as his wife's father, or do they only prove that as men approach old age they are more foolish than they were in youth?

"Old X., aged seventy, with a third wife of twenty-three, said on this head the other day:

"'You can't marry a girl too young. The younger she is the longer she'll keep her health and strength and beauty. Furthermore, the older you are the more respect she'll have for you. She'll reverence you and obey you as she would her own father or grandfather.'

"Young wives rejuvenate old husbands," the insurance agent ended. "They make these old fellows dress younger, talk younger, act younger and feel younger. Youth is contagious. A young wife is believed to prolong an old husband's life. If a man of seventy insured in my company should marry a girl of twenty, I'd consider him a better risk by 8 per cent than he had been before."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## A CAUTIOUS ELEPHANT.

**The Sagacity Displayed by the Animal When Near Quicksand.**

One elephant which an officer of the Royal artillery lent to assist in extricating some camels which were being engulfed in the quicksands showed an amount of sagacity which was positively marvelous. It was with the utmost difficulty that we could get him to go near enough to attach a drag rope to one camel I wanted to rescue. In spite of our being about fifty yards from the bank of the river, he evinced the greatest anxiety, while his movements were made with extreme caution.

Despite coaxing, persuasive remonstrance and at last a shower of heavy blows dealt upon his head by the exasperated mahout, this elephant stubbornly refused to go where he was wanted, but with his trunk shoved out in front of him kept feeling his way with his ponderous feet, placing them before him slowly, deliberately and methodically, treading all the while with the velvety softness of a cat and taking only one step at a time. Then suddenly he would break out into a suppressed kind of shriek and retreat backward in great haste.

When the animal had nearly completed a circuit of the ground with the same caution and deliberation, he advanced to within ten yards of the poor camel, but not another inch would he move, though several men were walking between him and the camel without any signs of the ground giving way.—"The Camel," Major A. G. Leonard.

Be extraordinary in your excellence if you like, but be ordinary in your display of it.—Balthasar Gracian.


DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not destroy but purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

Spring and Summer Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
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IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
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Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

## Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

**Standard Jewelry.**

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

**Watch or Clock**

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

**Stock is Complete.**

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

**M. L. ARMSTRONG,**

Main Street, Smethport, Pa



## HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

**C. J. VANBLAD.**



### THE REAL QUESTION.

The real question of disease is "Can I be cured?" If you or anyone dear to you is losing strength, flesh, energy and vitality, if you are wise you will not spend time trying to figure out just what name to call the disease by.

It is almost impossible to draw the line where debility and weakness merge into consumption. Your trouble may not be consumption to-day, but you don't know what it may become to-morrow. Hundreds of people have been restored to robust health by Dr. Pierce's marvelous "Golden Medical Discovery" after reputable physicians had pronounced them consumptive beyond hope.

Were they in consumption? Nobody can ever know.

The important point is that they were hopelessly ill but this matchless "Discovery" restored and saved them.

"I was not able to do hardly any work at all" says Mrs. Jennie Dingman, of Vanburen, Kalkaska Co., Mich., in a most interesting letter to Dr. Pierce. "I had pains in my left side and back, and had headache all the time. I tried your medicine and it helped me. Last spring I had a bad cough; I got so bad I had to be in bed all the time.

"My husband thought I had consumption. He wanted me to get a doctor, but I told him if it was consumption they could not help me. We thought we would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and before I had taken one bottle the cough was stopped and I have had no more of it returning. Your medicine is the best I have taken."

Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce. He will send you good, fatherly, professional advice, in a plain, sealed envelope, absolutely free. His nearly 40 years experience as chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., has made him an expert in chronic diseases.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.



# THE BIG STORE.

Jewett's Refrigerators
Shepard's Lightning Ice Cream Freezers.
Wheeler's Adjustable Window Screens
Screen Doors
Wire Screen Poultry Netting
Summer Gas Ranges
Hot Plates and Ovens
Paints and Varnishes
Crockery and Glassware
Spaulding's Baseball and Athletic Goods

# JOHN C. HAMLIN



**McKean County Miner**

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 17, 1905.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read the new advertisement of Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—The residence of Michael Eagan on Green street is being repainted.

—The people of Austin voted in favor of a municipal water system at a special election last week.

—The Lindholm Co. are on hand this week with an interesting advertisement which should be read by all.

—The members of the Methodist Sunday school enjoyed a picnic in the Epworth chapel last Friday afternoon.

—Edinboro Normal incites a love for knowledge and a desire to be useful. Fall session opens Sept. 12th. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Judge Ormerod has appointed Owen G. Metzgar to fill the vacancy in the board of county commissioners of Potter county caused by the death of R. H. Young.

—Young men and women who are thinking of teaching or wish to get a general education will find it to advantage to write to J. George Becht, principal of the Clarion State Normal School, Clarion, Pa.

—Miss Ella Lovelace has accepted the position of bookkeeper for the Mt. Jewett News, and Leo Cetwick a position as stenographer for the silk mills at Bradford. Both are graduates of Warner's Business College at Bradford.

—Mrs. Alex Hayes of Mt. Jewett was taken to the Bradford hospital on Wednesday of last week suffering with appendicitis. She was operated on Thursday and died the same night. Her remains were taken to her home on Friday and the funeral was held on Sunday. Mrs. Hayes was only 21 years of age and leaves a husband and a baby daughter.

—Mrs. Roy Gildoo of New Castle had two ribs broken and suffered serious injuries while playing her first game of baseball. Mrs. Gildoo is a bride of less than a month and was attending a picnic at New Castle, at which a ball game between the ladies of the Primitive Methodist church was an attraction. She was at the home plate, ready to bat, but when she saw the ball coming she turned her side to it and shut her eyes. The ball struck her with force enough to cause the above named injuries.—Ex.

—A little granddaughter of Judge Avery of Keating Summit drank carbolic acid that had been carelessly set within its reach Sunday. Dr. McGregor drove a four-year-old horse hitched to a sulky to Keating Summit, a distance of twelve miles, in sixty minutes to save the child and did it. The rise in the distance is 429 feet and the roads were heavy from the Saturday night downpour. The record is a good one and we are glad to report that the effort met with success and that the little one is out of danger.—Port Allegany Reporter.

#### How Thermometers Are Made.

A small glass tube blown into a bulb at one end is partly filled with mercury. The mercury is boiled to expel the air and fill the tube with mercury vapor and then the tube is hermetically sealed and allowed to cool. The gradations are found as follows: The instrument is immersed in ice water and the freezing point is found and is marked. Then it is placed in water, which is allowed to reach the boiling point, and so 212 degrees is found. The spans between are marked by mathematical calculations.

#### Monkeys and Knots.

The monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables that animal to achieve the untying of a knot. You may tie a monkey with the simplest form of common knot, and unless the beast can break the string or gnaw it in two he will never get loose. To untie the knot requires observation and reasoning power, and though a monkey may possess both, he has neither in a sufficient degree to enable him to overcome the difficulty.

#### Handing Out a Hint.

School Director (to teacher)—We were thinking of having a nice motto framed and put over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge Is Wealth" do? Teacher—That wouldn't do at all. The children know how small my salary is, and they might draw conclusions of their own.

#### Sullivan and Booth.

It is a pathetic as well as a humorous remark that Laurence Hutton in his reminiscences attributes to John L. Sullivan. When the news came of the death of Edwin Booth the great fighter in sincere sorrow remarked: "Well, there are only a few of us left!"

#### Asking Too Much.

He With the Whiskers—Say, feller, why don't you wear two glasses instead of only one? He With the Monocle—Why, deuce take it, y' know, a fellah has to see, doesn't he?—Cleveland Leader.

#### The Face Is an Index.

The face is an index to the state of one's physical well being. Symptoms of disease can be detected from it almost before the patient is aware that there is anything the matter. For instance, excessive pallor indicates poor circulation and possible heart trouble. Incomplete exposure of the eyeballs rendering the whites of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom of all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type. Twitching of the muscles is a herald of nervous exhaustion. Widening of the orifices of the nose with movements of the nostrils to and fro points to embarrassed breathing from disease of the lungs or channels leading thereto. Contraction of the brows indicates pain in the head. Sharpness in the nostrils is a symptom of pain in the chest. Bagging under the eyes when not a facial characteristic points to kidney trouble. Twitching of the eyelids associated with oscillation of the eyeballs or squinting, heralds the visit of convulsions.—American Queen.

#### A Kipling Lament.

In Laurence Hutton's "Talks In a Library" he tells as follows of meeting Rudyard Kipling at a luncheon given to the latter by Richard Watson Gilder. "Another engagement made the late, and I entered the room as the party was breaking up. I was introduced to Mr. Kipling, with whom I exchanged the traditional few formal words, and we drifted apart, but a moment or two afterward he placed himself on the arm of a chair in which I was sitting and said: 'I didn't realize, Hutton, when I met you a moment ago who you were. Dear old Wolcott Balestier, your friend and mine, tried so hard and so many times to bring us together in London and elsewhere, and now he is gone, and I can't understand it all. He died so suddenly and so far away; we had so much to say to each other, and now I have got to wait so long before I can say it.'"

#### An Ancient Tune.

"We Won't Go Home Till Morning" is not a modern song; at least the air is not modern, for it dates back to the times of the first Duke of Marlborough. It is the old French air of "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre; Dieu sait quant reviendra" ("Malbrouk has gone to the war; the Lord knows when he will come home again"). The second verse hinted that the Duke of Marlborough would be a long time away. "Il reviendra-z-a la Paques, ou a la Trinite" ("He will return at Easter or Trinity Sunday"). In south Yorkshire, in England, that air exists as a children's song.

Mollie Brooks, she went to be shaved;
Mollie Brooks, she went to be shaved;
Mollie Brooks, she went to be shaved
And the barber cut her chin.

"Mollie Brooks" is a corruption of Marlborough.

#### Both Saw the Monkey.

"I had a most terrible experience today," declared the pretty girl to her boarding house companions. "I was walking along the street, when suddenly I heard a most peculiar noise. I looked up, and there on a stoop stood a most hideous monkey, leering at me. It startled me, and I stepped back quickly, putting my hand to my eyes. Then the man who was coming just behind me remarked:

"'You're all right, little girl. I see it, too, and I've been on the water cart for weeks. Now, what do you suppose he meant?"

The men boarders who were at the table answered not, but the wife of one of them explained to the girl later on.—New York Tribune.

#### Horrible Heroism.

One of the lieutenants was standing by his gun as the ship sheered alongside of De Grasse's flagship. The gunner was all ready, just going to fire, when a shot came in at the port and took his leg off at the knee. As quick as thought the man pulled off his neckcloth and tied his leg above the stump. The next instant he seized his shot off limb and thrust it into the muzzle of the gun, which went off two seconds later. "My foot," shouted the man exultantly, "is the first to board the Ville de Paris."—Fraser's "Famous Fighters."

#### A Remarkable Comedy.

The most remarkably comedy ever written is "The Visionaries," by Desmarets, the protege of Richelieu. Every character in the play has a hallucination of one kind or another. One is a coward who thinks he has conquered the world; another a poet who conceives himself better than Homer; another a lover who becomes enamored of every heroine he reads of in a romance; another a beggar who thinks himself richer than Croesus.

#### Women's Letters.

"As far as I have had the opportunity of judging, it appears to me that the usual style of letter writing among women is faultless except in three particulars—a general deficiency of subject, a total inattention to stops and a very frequent ignorance of spelling. Still, in the first respect women of to-day are a complete match for those of several hundred years ago, as Henry Tilney."

#### I Steal.

"You've been kissing Margie Hunter."

"Oh, Nellie, what a story!"

"Yes, you have. Robbie Dickerson. You don't like peppermint, and she always gets peppermint chewing gum. Oh, I can put two and two together."—Life.

#### Quite Apparent.

She—You know, judge, our characters are different, and I don't want to be in this way— He—Yes, your honor, she is peculiar, and I don't want to interfere— Judge—I understand. You ask for a divorce out of pure love.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

#### Tidy.

"Is Spooney's wife a good housekeeper?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so he can tell where to find them. She's so tidy."—Liverpool Mercury.

#### The Monster Diplodocus.

Dr. Andrew Wilson speaks of that huge extinct reptile, the diplodocus, whose bones Andrew Carnegie presented to the South Kensington museum in London as a "dragon." "If we could imagine it restored," says Dr. Wilson, "we should be tempted to imagine that the dragon legends of old had some foundation in fact. As a rule, these creatures—dinosaurs, as they are called—were huge, bulky animals. Mr. Carnegie's specimen has been estimated to have possessed a length in life of about seventy feet. The diplodocus, with regard to its personal characteristics, appears to have possessed a head of very moderate size indeed, considered relatively to the animal's bulk. Its jaws are weak, and its teeth are borne by the front of the jaws only. That it fed on soft vegetable matter would therefore appear to be an inference fairly warranted by the facts, yet, like the vegetarian elephant, it may have been capable of fierce onslaughts enough in its day. To feed on plants is not always commensurate with mildness of temper, as every vicious horse testifies. We may further believe that the diplodocus, if not a swimmer, at least had aquatic habits."

#### Making Marbles.

Germany maintains a monopoly of making stone marbles in spite of various efforts made to wrest the trade away. In the marble and agate quarries there are innumerable chips and bits of stone from the cutting of the large blocks, and this refuse is broken into cubes about the size of a marble. An experienced worker produces these cubes of stone at an incredible speed and with remarkable uniformity. When about a bushel are ready they are dropped between a grooved bedstone and a revolving runner. Water is kept constantly supplied, and in half an hour the stones are turned out perfect spheres. With abundant water power the cost is slight, as a couple of men can keep a dozen stones supplied and the raw material costs nothing at all. In other countries the cost of preparing the blanks eats up the profits, and competition with the German made product is impossible.

#### The Highest Stairway.

For the ascent of Mount Omi, on the borderland between western China and the Tibetan plateau, there is an artificial staircase consisting of 29,000 steps cut in slippery limestone. Who made these steps is largely a matter of surmise, but they were probably formed by religious enthusiasts to provide a means of access from the hot plains, out of which the mountain mass rises abruptly to the heights, 5,000 to 11,000 feet above, among which the Buddhist abbey of Omi embodies some of the holiest traditions of the religion professed by its inmates. Anyhow, the staircase is there, and by it many pilgrims attain to the shrine as well as the very few Europeans who have ever visited this singular spot.

#### Cuff Buttons.

"Your cuff buttons are not properly worn," said a jeweler to one of his customers. "What's the matter with them? Haven't I got them in my cuffs?" "Yes," replied the jeweler, "but you are like a great many other people; you are not a close observer. You have the little gold piece at one end of each link placed so that in one cuff it is toward your body and in the other away from you. The small end of the link should in every case be toward you. Yet nine men out of ten pay no attention to this detail. The careful dresser never has the small end of a link button on the far side of the cuff."—Philadelphia Record.

#### Woolen and Worsted.

If a piece of woolen cloth is examined through a microscope, the two yarns—warp and weft—are found to be so crossed and closely matted together as to be indistinguishable, but in a piece of worsted material you can easily distinguish them. This is due to the fact that woolen goods are made from short stapled carded wools, whose fibers in the process of carding have been made to overlap each other so as to become closely matted or felted, while worsted goods are made from long stapled wools that have been carded and then combed till the fibers lie as straight and parallel as possible.

#### A "Wild Hair."

A "wild hair" is the most annoying freak of nature a man can be afflicted with. It grows in from the eyelid instead of out and, constantly brushing against the eyeball, sometimes causes an irritation that results in a loss of sight. To pull it out gives only temporary relief, since in a few weeks it comes back, as well grown and strong as ever. The only way to kill it is to destroy the sac from which it springs. This is done by means of the electric needle.

#### Different Ways of Putting It.

This is a scientific way: "If a man falls asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open his jaw drops. The tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the succotorial space is obliterated, the soft palate no longer adheres to the roof of the tongue, and if respiration be carried on through the mouth the muscular curtain begins to vibrate." And this is the popular form: "If a man doesn't keep his mouth shut when asleep he will snore."

#### Her Sick Friend.

Mamma—Ethel, where have you been all this time? Ethel—Sitting up with a sick friend, Mamma—Nonsense! I believe you've been in the parlor all evening with that Mr. Softleigh. Ethel—Well, ma, he's lovesick.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### A Most Natural Inference.

They had just become engaged.

"Herbert," she said, "are you sure that you love me?"

"Absolutely," he answered.

"How can you tell?"

"By the fact that I am anxious to marry you."

#### Like Father, Like Son.

Mr. Gotrox—When I was your age, sir, I didn't have a dollar. Cholly Gotrox—Well, dad, when I am your age I probably won't have a dollar.—Puck.

#### A Daily Mystery.

A man whose income is $50 a day lunching alone in a fifteen cent restaurant and a clerk whose income is $50 a month lunching with a young woman in a restaurant where the cash register doesn't ring up anything under $1. Which is cause and which is effect? Does the fifty-dollar-a-day man lunch thus cheaply that he may be reminded of troubles on earth, or does the fifty-dollar-a-month man dine thus expensively because he wants to forget? Or is the one a fifty-dollar-a-day man because he is careful and the other a fifty-dollar-a-month man because he is a spendthrift?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

#### Sensitiveness of Plants.

Darwin gave it as his opinion that some plants can see, and an Indian botanist relates some curious incidents which tend to verify the belief. Observing one morning that the tendrils of a convolvulus on his veranda had decidedly leaned over toward his leg as he lay in an attitude of repose, he tried a series of experiments with a long pole, placing it in such a position that the leaves would have to turn away from the light in order to reach it. In every case he found that the tendrils set themselves visibly toward the pole and in a few hours had twined themselves closely around it.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.—Goldsmith.


## A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

"Speak for it," she cried to doggie,
For she knew in her little heart,
That German Syrup, home's great treasure,
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¶The greatest tonic on earth is a good night's rest. Restless nights and the terrible exhaustion of a hacking cough are dread dangers of the poor consumptive. ¶But why this fear of the night when a few doses of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup will insure refreshing sleep, entirely free from cough or night sweat? Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by taking German Syrup. ¶We know by the experience of over thirty-five years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 17, 1905.


**Republican Ticket.**

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J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesburre.
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon.
JAMES A. BEAVER,
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COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
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FOR PROTHONOTARY,
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FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

THE prospect for peace between Japan and Russia is not very cheering. The only hope now seems to be that Japan will modify her terms.

YELLOW fever is still spreading in New Orleans. On Monday 55 new cases and 12 deaths were reported. This makes a total of 166 deaths and 1,095 cases.

BJORNSTERNE BJORSON, Norway's "uncrowned king," in an interview predicts an alliance between Norway, Denmark, Sweden and possibly Germany as a bulwark against Russian aggression.

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER has received answers to letters sent by him to the governors of all the states regarding the desirability of enacting uniform divorce laws throughout the nation. All the governors are in favor of the project.—Bradford Era.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT sent for Mayor Weaver to join him in Wilkesbarre last week and the President and Mayor held an important conference. The President is in full sympathy with Weaver's present attitude to practical reform politics, it is said.

A FAST east-bound passenger train on the Nickle Plate road, collided with a west-bound freight train early Sunday, at Kishman, O., near Vermillion, resulting in the death of 12 persons, while at least 25 others were injured, eight of whom will probably die. The wreck, according to the officials of the company, was caused by a misunderstanding of orders, or neglect to obey them on the part of the crew of the freight train.

THE commercial value of all the railway property within the state of Pennsylvania far exceeds that of any other state. According to a census bulletin on the subject the valuation of such property within the United States is placed at $11,241,852,000. That of Pennsylvania is placed at $1,420,608,000; exceeding by more than seven million dollars that within the state of New York, which holds second place in such valuations among the states.

A STARTLING story is that which comes from West Virginia about the killing of nine sleeping Italian laborers, by means of dynamite placed and set off by a secret murder organization of the Mafia variety. And the fiendish perpetrators of the terrible deed have so effectually covered their tracks that there is no prospect of capturing them. The criminal element which is flocking to America in the steerage, is one of the greatest menaces in connection with the immigration problem, and to stop it, under existing laws, is impossible.—Bradford Era.

THAT Erie railroad officials were alarmed for the safety of President Roosevelt on his way from Chautauqua to Jersey City on Saturday is shown by the fact made known yesterday, that the President's car did not come in over the main line. Instead, the Chautauqua special was broken in two at Suffern, N. Y., and the Presidential party was brought in by a roundabout way over two small branch roads. These orders were issued as a result of a letter received by the Patterson police which said there was a plot to blow up the President's train near Ridgwood, N. J.

## Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Aug. 12, 1905

It is stated that when Congress reassembles it will find that the President has reconsidered his announced intention never to send another reciprocity treaty to Congress. It will be recalled that before the close of the last session several carefully drawn reciprocity treaties were sent to the Senate and there were blocked by the efforts of a small cortorie of determined high protectionists. The President at that time banged his clenched fist on the table and declared that he would never again send a reciprocity treaty to Congress till something had occurred to break the calm nonchalance of the stand pat ters. It looks very much as though this had come to pass. The fact that Germany has negotiated treaties with seven European countries which will become operative in 1905; that the new duties will bear very hardly on the western farmers who are expecting a bumper crop this fall, and the boycott of American goods in China all make toward forcing the hand of the protectionists and indicate that the "something" has happened that will make the presentation of new reciprocity treaties a necessity. The wave of reciprocity has swept all over the northwest and it is stated that the cattle men and wheat growers will combine to use all their influence on the administration. The President will not be slow to act if he sees that the conditions are ripe.

It is stated also that there is a prospect of a reorganization of the treaty with Russia so that American goods may once more have a show in the land of the Czar. It is said that Ambassador Myer has been working with the foreign office in St. Petersburg on the draft of a new treaty and that it is almost ready to receive the sanction of the two governments. It is of course possible that this has a good deal to do with the peace negotiations now going on. Russia does not like a tariff war with the United States any more than does this country. It was stated that M. Witte had authority to negotiate a treaty with the United States on this subject and that he would come to Washington either before or after the Portsmouth conference for this purpose. Russia cannot hope to gain more than the friendly regard of this country by such a step, for there is no way in which our friendship could be of any benefit to her at the Portsmouth conference. Also Russia is much less hurt by a tariff war than is this country. Russia exports very little to us. It is true that she sent some beet sugar, over which the tariff war arose. She also sends some hides and furs, but she cannot send petroleum and there is little else in her line of exports that we want. On the other hand we had been building up a good market in European Russia when the sugar bounty question arose to put an end to it, and we were sending about $75,000,000 to her annually in tools, agricultural machinery, iron manufactures and the like against less than $25,000,000 worth of material that she was sending us.

On the other hand, there seems little prospect of settling the question of trade with China without yielding to her on the subject of Coolie labor in this country. The boycott is spreading in Shanghai, according to advices to the State Department, the American interests there are seriously affected. Three thousand Chinese in Bangkok have communicated with their agents in Shanghai, to ship no more American goods, and the other foreign residents of Shanghai are afraid that the boycott will extend to them. The students are in control of the situation and it is impossible to do anything as the Chinese government declares its impotency and there can of course be no new treaty negotiated with China at present.

At the same time the Chinese who want to come to the United States are not waiting on any formalities like treaties. The Treasury Department inspectors have just made the biggest haul of "imported" Chinese near Buffalo that has been made in years. It appears that the inspectors had been looking for years for a chance to lay hands on one Snyder, a runner of alien immigrants and a smuggler of contraband goods across the Canadian border. It was suspected that he was in the trade but he never could be detected "with the goods." Last week at night, however, the inspectors got him with a steam launch full of Roumanians and a lot of Chinamen in rowboats. It is known that Buffalo, while a favorite point for man smuggling of this sort, it is not the only point on the Canadian and Mexican borders. The penalty for work of this sort is heavy and the Treasury is going to prosecute Snyder to the extent of the law. It is said that with his sons who were also in the capture, he may be fined as much as $22,000 and imprisoned for forty-four years. The point of the capture however is not the possible prosecution of the immigrant runner but the underhand methods that Chinamen take to get into this country while their government is busy declaring that no such traffic exists and that there is no boycott of American goods going on in Chinese ports.

Chief Moore of the Weather Bureau has issued a statement regarding the alleged irregularities in his department. He states that there is absolutely nothing in the Weather Bureau that will not stand the fullest investigation. There have been some lax and dishonest employees discharged from the Bureau, he says and they have been trying to create the impression that there was crookedness in the Bureau and that it was being investigated by the Secret Service. As a matter of fact the books of the Bureau are open to any reputable authority that wants to examine them and the Chief declares that they will show nothing to be ashamed of.

## AMUSING JOKES.

**Some That Have Been Played on Members of Scientific Societies.**

Nothing is so funny—to the joker—as the development of a practical joke or hoax, and the most learned are sometimes fooled in this way, to their great discomfiture. An amusing hoax was perpetrated on the learned members of the Dumfries Antiquarian society of London, when an alleged Greek charm, said to have been taken from the dead body of a Bedouin, was presented for their inspection and admiration. It was said to have been an heirloom in the Bedouin's family for many centuries and consisted of a scrap of skin on which was transcribed a mysterious legend. It was circulated among the members of the august body of the Antiquarian society until it fell into the hands of Dr. Semple, who, amid much amusement, deciphered the hieroglyphics as "Old Bob Ridley, O," the refrain of an old song.

One of the best of these jokes was practiced with considerable success by an eighteenth century wit, who professed to have unearthed an ancient memorial slab on which this epitaph was just decipherable:

BENE A. TH. TH. 1SST.
3 ONERE. FOS. ET.
H. CLAUD. COS TER. TRIP.
E. SELERO. F. IMP.
IN. GT. ONAS. DO.
TH. III. S.C.
ON. SOR. T. J. A. N. E.

In vain did archaeologists and linguists rack their brains to find a solution of this cryptic inscription, which its discoverer "humbly dedicated to the penetrating genfuses of Oxford, Cambridge, Eton and the learned Society of Antiquaries," and it was only when it had driven the cleverest men in England almost out of their wits that the following reading was suggested by the hoaxer: "Beneath this stone reposith Claud Coster, cripe soller, of Impington as doth his consort Jane."

That, too, was a clever if rather heartless joke which Steevens, the Shakespeare scholar, played on Gough, known to posterity as the author of "Sepulchral Monuments." Gough had criticised a drawing by Steevens rather mercilessly, and the latter forthwith planned a revenge which should hold up antiquity to ridicule. Procuring a flat piece of stone, he scratched on it, in Anglo-Saxon characters, the inscription, "Here Hardecnut drank a winchorn dry, stared about him and died," and had it exposed in a shop which Gough was in the habit of visiting.

A few days later Gough called at the shop, saw the slab, which, he was told, had been found in Kennington mine on the supposed site of Hardicanute's palace, and, overjoyed at his good fortune, carried it off in triumph as a discovery of rare antiquarian value. He showed it with pride to his fellow members of the Society of Antiquaries, a paper was written on it, a learned discussion followed and the inscription was published in the Gentleman's Magazine. Steevens' triumph was complete when he took the public into his secret and laughed with them, but what his victim's feelings and language were it would not have been possible to express in print.

Something over fifty years ago the ingenuity of antiquarians was tested by a legend faintly traced on a time worn slab of stone which, so its discoverer said, had been unearthed during some excavations in Cumberland. This was the inscription:

TH. ISE SAHAR. DNI. TOC. IA
C. K.

But what language was it and what could it mean? The accepted opinion was that the legend referred in some way to Hardicanute or Hardinut but beyond that speculation even was dumb, until the wicked joker had the effrontery to confess that he himself had chiseled the inscription, of which the true translation was: "This is a hard nut to crack." And so it was.—London Answers.

**Fooling Mother.**

Most boys and girls think they are fooling mother. I used to think that way. It is the same way with all mothers. It is a good deal easier to fool father than mother. Mother doesn't say as much as father, but she sees twice as far. Just because mother doesn't jump on to you every time you have done something wrong it is no sign that you have her fooled. She is just giving you enough rope so you will hang yourself. Mother is a whole lot wiser than she gets credit for being. That pleasant smile she gives you when you are putting up some fairy tale would make you feel like a three cent piece with a hole in it if you could only see what was behind it. Mother fools you every day in the week, and it's a glorious thing for you that she does. She not only fools you, but she fools father too. Father is always wise and throwing out the impression that he knows something. Mother just goes about her business and says nothing, but she is thinking a whole lot all the time. The next time you attempt to fool mother stop and think a couple of times before getting on the ice. It may save poor mother the humiliation of thinking what a triple plated chump she has for a son.—Osborne (Kan.) Farmer.

**An Endless Journey.**

Most of us have probably speculated, at one time or another, what would happen if a hole were bored right through the earth and one were to drop a stone into it, and a scientific man gives his views on this puzzling question. "The stone," he says, "would fall with increasing speed to the center of the earth, where it would have attained a rate of nearly 300 miles a minute. Its momentum would carry it at a constantly reducing speed through the remaining half of its journey until by the time it appeared at the antipodean end of the hole it would have come to a standstill. It would then begin to drop again and would perform exactly the same journey on its return to the starting point. Thus it would continue to travel backward and forward from one end of the earth to the other practically forever."

**Does Family "Count?"**

"I go a great deal by family," remarked the Ward McAllister of the community. "I tell you there's lots to think about in family matters."

Ah, does it?

Abraham Lincoln's father was so poor that the logs of which his log cabin was built were not hewed, and Abe himself was born in a log hut with cracks in the walls wide that you could throw a dog through, then, and his mother's name was Nancy Hanks.

The father of John Adams ran a corner grocery. John Quincy Adams, however, had "family" back of him, for his father, John, had been president of the United States.

James K. Polk grubbed roots out of a new farm in North Carolina until he got too strong to work for his father; then he managed to secure a job in a country store.

Andrew Johnson married "family," for his wife knew enough to teach him how to read.

John Keats was the son of a hostler and was born in a livery stable.

Rare Ben Jonson laid brick while he was learning Latin.

Napoleon Bonaparte once remarked, "I am my own ancestors."

Did you ever happen to hear who was the father of Homer or of Shakespeare or of Gladstone or of Socrates, or of Walt Whitman?—Portland Oregonian.

**Strange Siamese Custom.**

They have a novel method in Siam of getting rid of the bodies of paupers and criminals. In one of the temples is kept a flock of a hundred vultures, and the bodies, instead of being buried or burned, are given to them as food. As soon as they catch sight of a body the rapacious creatures gather around it, and it only takes them a minute or two to pick all the flesh off it.

A repugnant sight it is, but, according to Siamese physicians, it is an excellent sanitary measure. The soil of Siam, they point out, is generally moist, and hence it is much better that bodies should be treated in this way than replaced in the ground, for, if buried, they would surely prove more or less of a menace to the public health.

After the vultures have finished their feast the skeletons are placed in wooden boxes and burned.

**Two Curious Knives.**

When Sheffield first became famous for its cutlery a peculiarly shaped knife, designed for a variety of uses, was made with great care and sent to the agent of the cutlery company in London. On one of the blades was engraved the following challenge:

London, for thy life,
Show me such another knife.

The London cutlers, to show that they were equal to their Sheffield brothers, made a knife with a single well tempered blade, the blade having a cavity containing a rye straw two and a half inches in length, wholly surrounded by the steel; yet, notwithstanding the fact that the blade was well tempered, the straw was not burned, singed or charred in the least. It is needless to add that the Sheffield cutlers acknowledged themselves outdone in ingenuity.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—Hazlitt.


Perhaps you were Right

in waiting for a bargain before buying a suit. You will get one now if you hurry and avail yourself of our final offer of half and LESS THAN HALF PRICE for a suit that's up-to-date in EVERY RESPECT.

$10 & $12 Flannel Suits now $5.
$8 & $10 Scotch Wool Suits now $6.
$12.50 & $13.50 Fine Worsted Suits now $7.50.

Children's and Boys' Suits at 50c on the dollars. Most suits are heavy enough for fall wear.

WM. MONHEIMER,
SMETHPORT.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal.

Fall term of 15 weeks begins September 11th. The facilities at this important school for doing first-class work, professional and academic, were never better than now. Its graduates are required to do a full year's teaching in the training school. Its faculty has the best American and European training. Buildings modern. College Preparatory department. Location unexcelled. Fine Gymnasium. Expense moderate. Free tuition to prospective teachers. Address for illustrated catalogue, the Principal.

Westbrook's
Academy,
Olean, - N. Y.

Twenty-fourth year will begin September 5. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses.

Catalogue and photo of '04-05 class (100 students) mailed free. Address above.

25 per cent.

OFF THE REGULAR PRICE.

OUR GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.

This is the time of the year for cut prices. When we cut we cut deep. Commencing

SATURDAY, AUG. 19,

and continuing for just exactly 15 days, no longer, we shall offer a uniform discount of ¼ off on any article in our store. Remember the date and come here, expecting to get an honest discount of 25 per cent. and you will not be disappointed.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

GO TO STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG

AND BUY YOUR

DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAIST PATTERNS,

AND SO FORTH—NICE LINE TO SELECT FROM.

ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

Do not forget to look at bargain Counter while there.

When you have bought your goods select a pattern to cut them after. You will find here a complete line of the Ladies' Home Journal patterns. All the newest designs for cutting everything needed to wear. Chart Model furnished free with each pattern.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 27, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

# The Lindholm Co.

## NEW ARRIVALS! FRESH STOCK!

TO REPLACE OLD STOCK. ALL FRESH AND PLEASING. EACH DAY BRINGS NEW FALL GOODS.

NEW STYLES! NEW IDEAS!

Call and See Them Watch Our Windows

$1.25 Japanese Habutai SPOT AND WATERPROOF in black $1.25

$1.19 Swiss Habutai, an excellent value 1.19

Latest, newest, prettiest patterns in SHIRT WAIST SILKS just from the mills.

Plaids, Checks, Stripes and Persian Effects. 1 pattern of each. They range from $4 to $5.

$1 Suspender Belts, very popular, only $1.00
$1 Chemisette Sets, neat and attractive, only 1.00
5c Westend Challies, new patterns, specials @ 5c

## SPECIALS FOR THE WEEK.

**SKIRTS**

The ones that wash.

$1.89 $3.00 values, only $1.89
1.39 1.89 values, only 1.39
.98 1.48 values, only .98
.59 1.00 values, only .79

**HAMMOCKS**

Only a few of them left Good ones. To close them out .
$1.50 & 1.75 go this week at .98
The Kanko Auto Hat, great comfort for the ladies .50
Goggles 10c, 15c, 25c

## FRIDAY MORNING

We will have on sale a new lot of black sateen and mercerized underskirts. All fresh stock and marked to sell quick. Be sure to see them. They are in our windows.

# The Lindholm Co.



## Are You Going to Remodel?

If so, you will do it with the intention of improving upon present conditions. Our part is to interest you in our ability to improve and perfect your sanitary equipment.

Many families pay out yearly for doctor bills, due to sickness caused by the deadly sewer gases which enter the home on account of poor and defective plumbing, more than the difference between the cost of the cheapest and the best work.

You cannot have too many safeguards for the health and happiness of yourself and family. Of these safeguards, the sanitary equipment of your home is unquestionably the most important and can be securely trusted to us.

We do but one kind of work—the best—and use the famous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, every piece of which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be strictly first quality. Let's talk it over.

# REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.



**McKean County Miner**

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 17, 1905.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—School commences one week from next Monday.

—Bradford will have a fall race meet from Sept. 12 to 15.

—Derrick City vs. Smethport at Kane field this afternoon.

—J. C. Cunningham has had his Main street residence repainted.

—Coudersport vs. Bradford at Smethport Monday and Tuesday.

—H. W. Rubin is going to have a big reduction sale. Consult his ad.

—See Prof. Hopper and his moving pictures at the Lyceum to-night.

—Mrs. E. R. Baker gave a tea for Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammar Tuesday evening.

The Prohibition county convention will be held in the court house to-morrow afternoon.

—Get out and see the McKean League game this afternoon between Derrick City and Smethport.

—Work on the race track and fair grounds is progressing rapidly and we are going to have a county fair here this fall.

—The marriage of Miss Almira Stebbins and Mr. Ralph C. Lloyd, two of Coudersport's prominent young people, occurred last week.

—"Jack" Gorman, a Bradford character, was lodged in the jail in this place last week on a surety of the peace charge, preferred by his wife.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The Rev. W. E. Van Dyke will officiate.

—On account of the Grange picnic to be held at Coryville on Wednesday next the P., S. & N. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all points on its line.

—The ladies of the St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will hold a cooked food sale in the tailor shop of G. W. Shilleau on Saturday. No goods will be sold before 2 o'clock.

—Prof. Hopper gave a pleasing exhibition with his moving pictures at the Lyceum last evening before a fair-sized audience. The performance will be repeated this evening.

—Bradford is agitating for a fast foot-ball team this fall. Oscar Lang, the big first baseman is a player and coach of considerable fame and would like to take hold of the team.

—Miss Elizabeth VanScoy Boyne and Dr. Malcolm J. McCallum were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Hon. and Mrs. A. E. Boyne, in Bradford Tuesday evening.

—The Sunday schools of Mt. Jewett held a picnic at Riverhurst yesterday. A large crowd of young people from this place joined with the Mt. Jewett folks in having a good time.

—Mrs. M. L. Bisett advertises hand-colored souvenir postal cards of Smethport this week. The views are all taken from original photographs and make very pretty souvenirs for your friends.

—At a party given to a number of young ladies at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Gallup last Thursday afternoon the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mae Gallup, to Mr. Herman Adler of Cleveland, Ohio, was announced.

—Servatius of the Kane team will get into faster company if he keeps up his batting streak. Next to Lang he is the heaviest hitter in the league with a percentage of .359 in 87 games.—Bradford Star.

—The Department of Agriculture of this State has divided the farming districts into six sections. During the coming winter over four hundred institutes are to be held, this county having three.

—Claud Denning ran a spike into his left hand Tuesday evening inflicting a painful wound. The injured member was dressed by a doctor and he expects to be able to pitch against Derrick City this afternoon.

—The Haines Flint Bottle factory will commence making bottles early in September. T. H. Pancoast has been retained as manager for the coming fire and everything points to a successful season in this factory.

—Coudersport vs. Bradford at Smethport on Monday and Tuesday. First day's game calls at 3:30 and the second at 3 o'clock sharp. These are regularly scheduled Interstate League games, transferred from Coudersport.

—Rain spoiled the hose races and prize drills at Bradford Friday and the purses were divided among the hose companies entered. The action of the committee was not favorably received by the contestants and they returned to their homes rather sore.

—No wonder the Bradford Star took occasion to throw it into the Smethport crowd after Tuesday's game. That was about the first time in history that a baseball aggregation wearing Bradford uniforms ever won a game from a team that was backed by Smethport.

—Saturday evening two young men who board near the tool works, drank a gallon of beer each, then bought four pounds of bun and six pounds of ginger snaps, which they consumed, following this with a pie and three cucumbers and drank four cups of tea and coffee.—Ridgway Democrat.

—Mrs. Thos. Walker of East Smethport was seriously burned on Sunday last. She was in the act of lighting the gas in the cook stove when a slight explosion occurred. Both hands and her arms as far up as her elbows were quite badly burned. Her injuries were attended by a doctor and she is improving.

—Allan Park and wife, who have returned from a visit to Pittsburg and vicinity, report that they met Dr and Mrs. F. C. Pierce at Ambridge, Pa. Mrs. Park says that Dr. Pierce has sold his house boat "The Tourist" and for the present they are staying at Ambridge. They are contemplating a visit to New Orleans before they return home.

—The postoffice at Sheffield was broken into Thursday night and about $800 in money and a large quantity of stamps, registered mail and other articles were stolen. The work was evidently done by two men, who were seen coming from the direction of the office. The burglars succeeded in making good their escape without leaving any clue behind them.—Kane Republican.

—For the benefit of those desiring to attend the State Convention of the Prohibition party, to be held at Williamsport, Pa., August 22 and 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Williamsport from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania, August 21 and 22, good until August 25 inclusive, at the rate of single fare for the round trip.

—Services of the Methodist church will be as follows: Class meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Eunice H. Colegrove at 10 a. m. Preaching at the church at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m. Union services at the Baptist church at 8 p. m. when the pastor of the Methodist church will preach on the subject, "Love and Loyalty for the Church."

—Indications are that the Camp and Smethport window glass factories will start making glass about the middle of September. The Burns' scale, under which it is expected these factories will run, has been agreed upon and is at present about six per cent. higher than the scale of last year. This, however, is a sliding scale and will be governed by the market price of glass during the season.

—Several of our musically inclined young men together with several of our old musicians are making an effort to reorganize the Smethport band. We have plenty of musical talent in this place and there is no reason why we should not have one of the best bands in this section of the country. A number of years ago Smethport had as good a band as there was in this section of the State. Let us have another now.

—Services at the Baptist church next Sunday—morning subject, "Longing for Fellowship with God." In the evening the Baptist and Methodist congregations will meet at 8 o'clock in the Baptist house of worship for their second union service, Rev. Dr. Willey, pastor of the M. E. church, delivering the sermon. First Sunday evening in September union services in the Methodist church and two weeks later in the Baptist church.

—The Bradford Star's sporting editor, Jimmy McIntyre, is a trifle sore because the Smethport crowd rooted for Kane Tuesday and, by special via the Kushequa Route, delayed in transmission at Newton, gives the better part of three columns of Wednesday's "last edition" telling of the rustic simplicity of the county seat people and of the mighty prowess of the invincible athletics now in the possession of the oil metropolis' baseball management. He speaks of the game as "one of the most exciting games of the season." Pish! Tush! Fudge! He ought to see a McKean League game.

### Personal Mention.

Paul D. Hamlin has returned to Chicago.

Roswell Surtwell was up from Eldred on Tuesday.

Robert Daly returned from Chautauqua Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Blake is passing the week in Coudersport.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander had business in Olean Tuesday.

E. A. Riggall is enjoying a vacation at Atlantic City.

Thos. Camp is in Columbus, O., on business this week.

J. D. Provin of Warsaw, N. Y., is visiting friends in town.

Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany was a visitor in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Apple were Buffalo visitors this week.

G. W. Mitchell and S. E. Bell are in West Virginia on business.

S. W. Pancoast of Olean is the guest of his son, T. H. Pancoast.

Miss Flora McAmbley of Bradford is the guest of Miss Alice Daly.

Miss Hallie Walker is passing the week with friends in Buffalo.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Parks have returned from a visit in Pittsburg.

Miss Ruth Holmes returned home Saturday evening from Bradford.

J. Clayton Backus is in Warren in the interest of his automatic pin setter.

Misses Sadie Conley and Rachel McCarty left Monday for a visit in Buffalo.

Misses Dewly Davis and Pauline Wilson of Bradford are visiting Miss Beulah Holder.

Miss Lulu Keenan of Buffalo is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Arthur Norton, editor of the Belmont Disputch, was the guest of Lynn Hopper last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Pierce and Mrs. A. H. Pierce, Jr., are Coudersport visitors this week.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford are the guests of relatives in town this week.

Mrs. John Blake and Robert Blake of Eldred are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Paul D. Hamlin and Horace H. Redfield returned home Saturday from a visit to Atlantic City.

Miss Mary Leibel and niece, Miss Florence Leibel, of Buffalo are visiting relatives in Smethport.

Miss Nellie Hart, who has been the guest of Miss Mabel Camp, has returned to her home in New Castle.

Hamlin Bosworth of Brooklyn is visiting at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCarty and daughter and Miss Kane of Pittsburg are visiting relatives in town.

Paul Drown of Ellicottville, N. Y., who has been the guest of friends in town, returned to his home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Mitchell and daughter, Miss Lucy, have returned home from a visit to Chautauqua Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Shiffler and son, Earl, left Tuesday for a two weeks' sojourn in Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and daughter, Miss Ellamorah, returned Monday evening from a visit with friends in Chipmunk, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smart and daughters, Misses Grace and Marguerite, of Point Marion, Pa., are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Miller returned to their home in Joppa, Ills., Saturday. They were accompanied by their mother, Mrs. Mary Hussey, and nephew, William Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin left last Friday for Buffalo and Cleveland. Before returning home they will join a party of friends and camp for about two weeks on Lake Cayuga.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pancoast and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin spent Sunday at Rock City. They were joined by Mr. Hamlin, who had been spending a few days at Atlantic City, on Saturday.


## Hand-Colored Souvenir Postal Cards of Smethport

PICTURES OF

Court House and Grounds,
St. Luke's Church and Main St.
and other views.

These cards were made from photos and are true reproductions of Smethport as it is now.

Large stock at reasonable prices.

**MARY L. BISETT,**
THE CITY STORE.



McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

# FRY & COMES.

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

## AN EMBROIDERY SALE

For a quick clearance we have divided our complete stock of fine embroideries into five lots and marked each lot at a great reduction from usual prices.

Besides the balance of our regular goods we include in this sale a new lot of Corset Cover Embroideries, 18 inches wide, worth 38c, which we bought under value and will pass out at a corresponding saving to our customers at 25c per yard.

LOT 1 Regular values up to 6c, at per yd., 3c
LOT 2 " " " 12c, " " " 6c
LOT 3 " " " 22c, " " " 12c
LOT 4 " " " 38c, " " " 22c
LOT 5 " " " 75c, " " " 38c

ALL-OVER EMBROIDERIES - HALF PRICE

## BATH ROBE BLANKETS

These are something entirely new. A big improvement over the ordinary bath robe blankets. They're made especially for bath robes and in designs and colorings are quite the prettiest things of the sort we've ever seen. Price each $2.50

# FRY & COMES.

Use it on your cows. It not only gives them relief from flies, but increases the flow of milk 10 to 20 per cent.

Use it on your horses and note the comfort it affords them.

Your neighbors can tell you of the good qualities of So-Bos-So Kilfly.

## HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT - PENN'A.



## Graduation Presents and Wedding Gifts

will be our specialty for the next two months. Several large weddings in Bradford and we will have the largest and finest stock ever shown.

SPECIAL PRICES ON DIAMONDS FOR JUNE.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WATCHES FOR JUNE.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.



# H. C. WELLS

## THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

## THORNTON & CHESTER FLOURS Make the Bread That Tastes Best

USE IT ONCE AND YOU WILL WANT TO AGAIN.

T. & C. Best, $1.75 sk. Pure Gold $1.70 sk.

# A. E. FOSTER & CO

# The Career of Anne

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1903, by A. M. D. Ogden

Spring had come at last. In the parks rows of gay tulips and hyacinths flaunted their beauty in the sunshine, the trees, newly decked in palest green, waved happy branches to soft breezes. All the world seemed overflowing with color, perfume, life.

Anne Whittington, walking briskly uptown, music roll in hand, felt her pulses a-tingle in exultant responses to the call. Life, life everywhere. It surged and blossomed. The girl's eyes glowed, her breath quickened. Tonight she was to have her chance. The pretty color called to her face by her music master's praise deepened. He had been pleased, even enthusiastic. Surely those who should listen to her tonight would not prove less kind. And then, all at once as she passed a large building, the glad light faded a bit. Paul! She had almost forgotten him. Would he be there? The girl's pace slackened as her face clouded. Why had he so upset things? Why had he not been content to remain friends? Anne's lips quivered as she remembered the look of pain in his dark eyes. She did not want to hurt him. It was two weeks now since the afternoon that he had come, overflowing with the news of his advance in salary.

"And now—now, Annie!" he had cried, "I can claim you at last. Oh, Anne!"

But the girl startled, a little defiant, had drawn back. He demanded too much. Surrender her life, her career, now, just when the bitterly toiled for, eagerly craved success was almost hers? Anne stared at him with wide, frightened eyes. She had never dreamed of his caring that way. They had been good chums, that was all.

But to all Anne's pleading he had vouchsafed scant attention and had gone away still with that white look on his face. He had not come again. The faint shadow of an ache fluttered near the girl's heart. Then with a resolute effort she threw it off. No, she was not sorry; she could not give up her work, not for any one. And, with a firm reconsidering of her former

SLOWLY THEY BEGAN TO SLIP BACK INTO THEIR SEATS.

buoyant mood, the girl quickened her steps once more. Life, life, how good it was! And hers was still her own to mold, to fashion as she chose.

All day long this exultation clung about her, enveloping her in a rosy, joyous mist through which she looked out unseemingly at the world. It was still hers, as with beating heart she stepped upon the stage. And then all at once her excitement suddenly dropped away and she felt like a frightened child. How big the hall was. She had not realized that it was so big! And how crowded. Eyes, eyes: there were millions of them and all fixed unswervingly upon her. Anne felt her head swim. The accompanist, with a kindly glance in her direction, had seated himself at the piano. She must begin. She made a desperate effort. Clear, smooth, the girlish young voice floated out to the audience. But even to her own ears it sounded cold, forced, lacking in charm. Her throat seemed paralyzed. Amid perfunctory applause she made her way off the platform, just able to see through the blinding tears. Was she a failure after all?

The succeeding numbers on the programme passed to her like some horrible, relentless nightmare. The thought that she must sing again held her in a grip of ice. Spring! It was but a delusion, a mockery. For what had she dared to hope? And it was only nerved with the courage of despair that she was able again to face the audience.

Mechanically Anne followed the accompaniment. She was almost beyond feeling now. Her one desire was to get through.

There was a movement in the audience, a vague sense of something wrong. People looked about uneasily. Then all at once a sharp cry cut across the song, "Fire! Fire!"

In an instant everything was confusion. Anne stared helplessly. The accompanist had disappeared. Out in front the people were fighting to reach the narrow doors, the stairs. The panic threatened to be worse than the fire. The girl stood motionless. Would they all be killed?

Through the struggling mob a figure fought its way to the stage—a tall straight figure, with eager brown eyes Anne's heart gave a sudden throb,—

"Paul! Oh, Paul!" she cried. He was there, he was coming to her; he was not forgotten. The next moment he had leaped upon the stage and had flung a protecting arm around her.

"Courage, sweetheart," he urged. "That's my brave girl," as the color came flushing back to lips and cheek. "Now, how to get out of this."

But the ushers, recovering presence of mind, had begun to shout reassurances. "Sit down!" they yelled. "The fire is out. Sit down! Sit down!" Yet the crowd still tossed and scrambled. The moment was pregnant; life and death hung in the balance. If the rush could be stopped! With a sudden inspiration Paul dashed to piano and struck a chord. The crowd, startled, wavered. The young fellow flung himself into the seat.

"Sing," he cried. "Sing, Anne," breaking into the accompaniment of an old song which they had often sung together. And Anne, shaken, thrilled, stirred as never before, let her voice fling out in all its glorious power. Strong, brilliant, beautiful the notes bubbled up from the white throat in a perfect passion of lyrical ecstasy. Her listeners, spellbound, held their breath. Who would have imagined that pale girl to own such a voice? One after another gaining courage, slowly they began to slip back into their seats. The danger was over, the panic averted. A tumult of applause greeted the close of the song. The audience, stamping, cheering, divided between admiration of her voice and appreciation of her pluck, fairly went mad. Again and again they called her out.

Anne, her eyes gleaming, her cheeks aglow, tried to hide her impatience. Why could they not let her go? What had she done? It was Paul who deserved the credit, not she, but he had vanished. When at last, still tremulous from the excitement, she escaped into the little hall, she found him there awaiting her. They were quite alone, the new performer claiming attention. Anne, her lips quivering with a little wistful smile, held out her hands.

"Paul," she whispered. The young fellow, a sudden hope dawning in his eyes, caught her hands in a fervent clasp.

"Anne, oh, Anne," he breathed, suspense, dread, longing, shaking his voice. "Anne!"

The girl lifted repentant eyes.

"I—I've been selfish," she declared unsteadily. "Oh, Paul, can you forgive me? But—but I didn't understand. My career," with supreme scorn, "what is my career? When I saw you coming to me amid all that frenzied crowd I—I knew," so low that he could hardly catch the whispered word.

But the man, an inarticulate exclamation breaking from him, had caught her close.

"We will work together, sweetheart," he murmured tenderly. "That is the way."

And Anne smiled.

### He Got the Money.

"Nothing looks so small to a man when his tooth aches as a ten dollar bill, and nothing so big after the dentist has finished with him," says a young dentist. "There's a man here in town who has owed me five ten dollar bills for more than a year. He is perfectly able to pay the bills, but he won't do it. He says it's an outrage to charge that much for filling only ten or a dozen teeth. Well, last month he broke a tooth and came to me on the jump with beads of sweat on his agonized brow.

"'Sit still,' I said, holding his head—I'm twice his size. 'Sit still; I'm going to take the gold out of these two back teeth. I want to use it.'

"You never heard such a yelp as went up from that man. He pawed at his pocket and dragged out a roll in mad haste. I let him peel off $50 before I laid the drill down. He was scared blue, and I was mad enough to have dug the gold out in earnest if he hadn't paid up."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Dr. Temple's Candor.

The brusqueness and candor of Dr. Temple manifested itself no matter where he might be or in whose company.

On one occasion he was dining, together with a colonial prelate, with Queen Victoria. Said her majesty to the latter:

"You preached before me just twenty years ago in St. George's chapel."

"I am not likely to forget that honor, madam—the greatest of my life," he replied.

Whereupon the eminent ecclesiastic improved the occasion by laying down his knife and fork and exclaiming in amazed admiration: "What a memory! What a memory, madam!"

But this was too much for Dr. Temple, who croaked out:

"I told the queen of that sermon myself a few minutes ago, and you heard me tell her majesty!"

### Shakespeare and Hiawatha.

A schoolboy has written an essay on "The Merchant of Venice" full of original matter. This is his view of Portia: "Portia was a kind and true hearted young lady. She was very good natured, especially to some of her gentleman friends when those young men was going to choose their coffins." But the gem of the article relates to Shakespeare himself. "The story was written by Shakespeare, who married Hiawatha. He was born in Venice, where he and the merchant shot arrows of the same fly when boys. It was here that he learned to season mercy with justice." Anne Hathaway turned into Hiawatha is a really interesting case of derangement.—London Chronicle.


**INSURANCE.**

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.



**What Shall We Have for Dessert?**

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.


# How Jake Won the Judge's Daughter

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

Jake Allsbrook was the only industrious member of an improvident family, and the work of his early years was wasted on shiftless kinfolk, but in one way and another he had acquired a good education, first in public schools and then by reading all the useful books he could obtain. It was in a public school, before she was thought ready to send away to a private institution for young ladies, that he first met Edith Potter. That was before either of them understood the importance of social position.

Jake was good at boat building and good at many other things which the village people who looked down upon his family did not know. This morning he was at his workbench in a small building he had erected near a lake when he heard the sound of carriage wheels, followed presently by firm, ponderous footsteps coming around the end of the cabin. Looking up, he saw Judge Potter approaching.

"How do you do, Jake?" the judge said, advancing with gracious cordiality. "Always at work, I seems. Thought likely I would find you here. I want to have a talk with you."

Jake looked at him with questioning curiosity. It was Judge Potter, certainly, but why had he brought his social equality voice along? He had never wasted that upon him before.

"What a trim looking lot of boats you have here, Jake," the judge went on, without waiting for Jake to speak, "but never mind explaining about them, though. What I am here about is the steamer line. Would you mind going over some of the main points again?"

Jake stared, then laughed a little curtly.

"What's the use?" he said. "When I went to you about the matter I was in the first callow enthusiasm of the idea and did not realize the fool's quest I was on. Suppose we dismiss the subject altogether. I haven't money enough to get the invention patented, much less to start a steamboat line."

The judge picked up a shaving with the point of his cane and twirled it contemplatively.

"Sometimes an idea is worth more than capital," he observed, but with an odd look in his eyes. "Let me see. I think you said a hundred thousand?"

"Yes," Jake found himself saying, with reluctant eagerness. "My idea was a stock company capitalized at $100,000—that is, a hundred shares at $1,000 each. We should"— He paused abruptly and, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, took up a hammer as though to resume work. "But excuse me for allowing myself to be carried away, judge. I've thought over the scheme until it has grown very real and personal. It's a sure thing if one can go into it. I can't. Even the few hundred I had saved were sunk in my railroad survey down the shore."

The judge smiled indulgently.

"That's all right, Jake," he said. "Profitable enterprises usually have a combination of brains and capital. We are ready to furnish the capital. In brief, I will take thirty shares and my brother and a friend fifteen shares each. That will give us a controlling vote. Their I'm sure Lawyer Blake and three or four others will take from five to ten each. There will be no difficulty in floating the stock."

Jake dropped his hammer.

"Do you really mean," he asked huskily, "that you intend to go into this thing?"

"Of course." Then a little hurriedly, "I was rather—abrupt with you before because—because I make it a business rule never to go into anything without ample time for deliberation. Understand? Come to my house at 3 o'clock this afternoon and we will fix up the papers. You will be superintendent and general manager."

"Wait a moment, judge," cried Jake as the visitor moved toward the door. "How do you dare to—to trust me? I have heard you say that all of my name were—well, thieves."

"Oh, tut, tut, boy! That was in a moment of petulance. As to trusting you," an enigmatical smile twitching the corners of his mouth, "remember I have known you a good many years. And—er—I am really glad to be associated with the name." With that the judge turned away, chuckling and murmuring to himself, "I do believe the boy has not seen the paper yet."

Ten minutes later as Jake was mechanically putting his tools away he heard other footsteps coming around the cabin, this time light, nervous and hurried. Turning, he found himself face to face with Lawyer Blake.

"Good morning, Jake. Didn't I see Judge Potter leaving here just now? I hope it wasn't about the boat scheme I was considering."

"Yes, it was just that," Jake answered dryly, "about the boat scheme you refused to consider. He has arranged for shares enough to assure its success."

The lawyer's countenance fell.

"Too bad, too bad, too bad!" he muttered. "I had thought the matter over and decided upon that very thing myself. Well, if it's too late I suppose there is still the railroad scheme?"

"Yes," faintly.

"Well," more briskly, "I will undertake capitalizing that, then. Come to my office this afternoon and we will arrange the details. We will need you for a general oversight of the business, of course."

An hour later he was in the postoffice, still dazed and bewildered. His two or three letters were read and slipped into his pocket, then he opened the county paper. Almost the first paragraph was one with the startling headlines:

"Coming Home With Millions of Gold. Mr. John Allsbrook, uncle of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Jake Allsbrook, is probably on his way home with a ton or more of gold. We notice the name and his great success in a current Klondike paper."

Jake crumpled the paper contemptuously. That explained the whole wretched business. Five minutes later he was in the presence of Judge Potter.

"There has been a mistake," he began grimly. "My Uncle John is not"—

The judge interrupted him blandly. It never occurred to him that there might be a mistake.

"Oh, tut, tut, boy! I see you have the paper. I hope you don't think a man of my position is influenced by a thing like that. Three o'clock, remember. And— Oh, yes, we are going to have a few friends in this evening and we wish you to join us. Mrs. Potter and Edith both desire it."

Jake murmured something and allowed the judge to show him from the room. This was more stupendous than all the rest. He could grasp the magnitude of a few thousand dollars, but an invitation to the inner circle of social life, into the very heart of the social fortress, was incomprehensible.

But, in spite of his bewilderment he found his way to Lawyer Blake's office and listened to another indignant protest against the aspersion of being influenced by a vulgar newspaper report. At last he retired, baffled, obliged to allow matters to take their course.

For many months the good people of the village looked for the coming of John Allsbrook and his millions in vain; but long before they ceased looking Jake Allsbrook had won the judge's daughter and was accounted one of the most prosperous men in all the north lake country.

### Cattle King Miller.

In his "Gold Hunters of California" Thomas E. Farish tells some interesting anecdotes of the men of the early days.

Speaking of Henry Miller, a western cattle king, Mr. Farish says that none knew better than he the value of a reliable, efficient man. "Once, on one of his Kern county ranches, he had a foreman with whom he quarreled. The foreman said, 'If it were not that you are a smaller indn than I, I would beat you half to death.' At this Miller threw off his coat and went for the man. The foreman succeeded in giving him a good trouncing, then demanded a settlement, which was made. That all over with, Miller apologized and hired the man over again, with an advance in wages. He knew he had a good man."

Another story of Millers: "I remember Miller once at Firebaugh's ferry, on the San Joaquin river, when he was buying so much land. It was at breakfast and a man called 'Hog' Johnson began to criticise Miller's purchases, when Miller turned to him and said: 'Hog, you knows dere iss more peoples born into de world effery year dan dies out of it, don't you?' 'Yes,' admitted Hog. 'Well, dey all haf to lif on de land, and dere iss no more land borned effery year.'"

### Kept His Word.

The day had been a heavy one for the Blankshire rifle volunteers. Under a sweltering sun they had marched till their feet blistered and they were weary in the extreme.

At last Private Hopkins "fell out."

"I won't walk another step," he declared.

"Come along, man!" cried his captain. "The invading force is known to be in the neighborhood, and you'll be captured if you stay behind."

But nothing would induce the valiant Hopkins to move another step; therefore the regiment went on without him.

They had barely passed out of view, however, before Private Hopkins was observed to be pounding after his comrades at a speed which would have done a professional athlete credit, a maddened bull close behind him evidently supplying the necessary motive for haste.

He reached them safely, the bull was headed off, and all was well.

"I thought you said you wouldn't walk another step?" remarked the captain.

"Great Scott!" cried Hopkins, mopping his fevered brow. "You don't call that walking, do you?"—Birmingham (England) Post.

### An Unpolished Reflection.

John Philpot Curran, the eminent Irish barrister and orator, once met his match in a pert, jolly, keen eyed Paddy, who acted as hostler at a large stable and who was up as witness in a case of a horse buying dispute.

Curran much desired to break down the credibility of this witness and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself by tangling him up in a network of adroitly framed questions, but all to no avail. The hostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense and his equanimity and good nature were not to be overturned.

By and by Curran, in towering wrath, belched forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court:

"Sirrah, you are incorrigible. The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your face."

"I' faith, yer honor," said the witness, with the utmost simplicity and truth and honesty, "my face must be mighty clane and shinin' indade if it can reflect like that."


THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.



**SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE**

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemple's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure; they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.


## Official Directory.

STATE:

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—L. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. C. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Wilson, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; R. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeahn.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht; C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chester, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ayres.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

## Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY D. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work fraternity degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. SIMONS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. E. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Acjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSEY, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HILDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall, Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

## Churches.

*Methodist Episcopal*—Gayland B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor.—Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

*Episcopal.*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

*All Saint's Memorial Chapel.*—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.*—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

*First Baptist Church.*—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.


# Pennsylvania Railroad

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points in Penn. Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:10 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:23 p.m., New York 10:35 p. m., Baltimore 7:50 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

8:35 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 5:20 a. m., Washington 5:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

10:15 p. m.—Train 2, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:05 a. m., New York 9:50


a. m., week days (10:32 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) and Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:10 a. m. Vestibuled, Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 35, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays.

| NORTH | STATIONS | SOUTH |
|---|---|---|
| A. M. Lv | | Ar P. M. |
| 2:25 | Ridgway | 11 50 |
| 2:40 | Johnsonburg | 11:30 |
| 2:56 | Glen Hazel | 11:15 |
| 3:07 | Straight | 11:04 |
| 3:22 | Instanter | 10:51 |
| 3:26 | Smith's Run | 10:52 |
| 3:29 | Woodvale | 10:43 |
| 3:37 | Clermont | 10:40 |
| P. M. | | A. M. |

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Punxsutawney, Johnsonburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.


# Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

| Arrive | a. m. | p. m. | p. m. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bradford | 9:30 | | 6:45 |
| Mt. Jewett | 8:45 | 1:35 | 6:15 |
| Kane | 9:25 | 2:55 | 6:55 |
| Leave | a. m. | p. m. | p. m. |
| Bradford | 7:00 | | 4:35 |
| Kane | 7:00 | 10:15 | 4:30 |
| Mt. Jewett | 7:31 | 11:28 | 5:05 |
| | a. m. | | a. m. |

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt., Bradford.
E. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

# The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Jan. 15, 1905.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:50 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:35 a. m.), and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:50 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:15 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:20 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:42 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt., St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.


OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

| Ar. Eastward | | | STATIONS. | L'v Westward | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Ar. | Dp | A.M. | P.M. | A.M. |
| 8.05 | 7.05 | 2.10 | Ulysses | 7.20 | 2.25 | 9.10 |
| 7.50 | 6.53 | 2.10 | Crowell | 7.27 | 2.32 | 9.10 |
| 7.46 | " | 7.57 | Carpenter | " | 2.34 | " |
| 7.40 | 6.48 | 1.53 | Perkins | 7.32 | 2.37 | 9.3b |
| 7.37 | 6.45 | 1.50 | New'fld Junc | 7.37 | 2.42 | 9.42 |
| " | " | 1.45 | Newfield | 7.41 | 2.46 | " |
| 7.05 | 6.36 | 1.41 | Gold | 7.44 | 2.49 | 9.47 |
| 7.00 | 6.30 | 1.35 | Raymond | 7.49 | 2.45 | 9.2 |
| 6.45 | 6.21 | 1.24 | Seven Bdg's | 8.01 | 3.05 | 10.0 |
| 6.40 | 6.17 | 1.20 | Colesburg | 8.04 | 3.09 | 10.10 |
| 6.25 | 6.10 | 1.13 | Frinks | 8.12 | 3.17 | 10.20 |
| 6.15 | " | 1.05 | N. Couds'pt | " | 3.26 | 10.35 |
| 6.10 | 6.00 | 1.00 | Dp. | Ar. | 8.35 | 3.30 | 10.45 |
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Coudersport | | | P.M |
| 4.20 | 7.45 | 12.15 | Ar. | Dp. | 8.28 | 6.00 | 1.2c |
| " | " | 12.13 | Hammond | " | " | " |
| 4.05 | 7.38 | 12.09 | Olmsted | 8.33 | 6.05 | 1.31 |
| 3.59 | 7.35 | 12.05 | Mina | 8.37 | 6.10 | 1.37 |
| 3.45 | " | 11.59 | Knowlton | " | 6.17 | " |
| 3.40 | 7.25 | 11.55 | Roulette | 8.47 | 6.21 | 1.51 |
| 3.30 | 7.16 | 11.47 | Burtville | 8.54 | 6.28 | 2.01 |
| 3.23 | " | 11.41 | Coleman | " | 6.34 | " |
| 3.20 | " | " | Chem. Wrks | " | " | " |
| 3.15 | 7.05 | 11.36 | Pt. Allegany | 9.08 | 6.40 | 2.25 |
| P.M. | P.M. | A.M. | Dp. | Ar | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. |

a—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.


THE

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**Chas. Lehmaier,**

Smethport, Pa.

# On the Coast of Brittany

By FORBES DWIGHT

Copyright, 1905, by W. H. McClure.

Judson was tired. All that long, trying afternoon he had been endeavoring to transfer a bit of the coast of Brittany to his canvas, but the coast of Brittany, with its tints of opal and pearl gray, was elusive. He bent toward his easel, puffing his pipe in a manner that clearly betokened exasperation, and piled his scalpel vigorously on a headland which seemed to defy his effort at every turn. Then he sat back on his stool, half closed his eyes and admired those same delicate tints that defied portrayal.

He heard a rustling behind him and turned to find a girl staring over his shoulder at the half finished picture on the easel. She was tall and graceful; her peasant clothes seemed strangely fresh and picturesque. He noted that instead of the ungainly sabots her little feet were trimly shod. There was none of that gray dinginess about her that Judson had learned from experi-

"GOOD MORNING, MAIN'SELLE," SAID HE.

ence to associate with the peasant girls of Brittany. She was a happy, laughing creature—fresh, comely and undeniably beautiful. Indeed, her regular features and her slender figure caught the artist's eye even as her red lips and her delicately arched brows appealed directly to his masculine soul.

Judson jumped from his seat and bowed low.

"Good morning, main'selle," said he gravely. "A beautiful day, isn't it?"

The girl smiled, displaying her firm white teeth. She shook her head and rattled off a stream of French idiom in which "l'Anglais" was the only word Judson understood. Clearly she was endeavoring to convey to him her lack of knowledge of his language.

"Of course," said he; "of course. Neither would you understand my homemade French. It's a pity we don't know Volapuk."

The girl pointed to the canvas and raised her brows inquiringly. Judson spread his palms outward and shrugged his shoulders despairingly. Her eyes lighted with a quick sympathy. She touched the pebbly beach in the picture, which, Judson flattered himself, was the one thing in it well done. She nodded her emphatic approval. Then she touched a cloud and smiled her dissent.

"I believe you," said he. "That cloud is all at odds with the rest of it, but your clouds of Brittany need study. They are no ordinary clouds, I assure you."

The girl pointed to the sky and the gray sea. She gave Judson to understand it was worth painting. He in turn, by sign language, intimated that it was beyond him. She stamped her foot and plainly indicated that he must have patience. He gave smiling assurance that he would do his best.

Then she went on and left him there before the easel, dreaming of her wavy brown hair and her eyes, that seemed to look into his very soul.

The next afternoon, while Judson was industriously painting and scraping again, there came the same rustling, and the girl stood beside him. She seated herself on a stone near the easel and watched his work. Judson kept up a running fire of conversation, and to his jests and his serious utterances she gave impartially her imperturbable smile.

He made her understand that he worked better when she was near him and she blushed, whether with pleasure of maidenly reserve or both Judson was unable to decide.

Each afternoon for a brief period she came to watch his progress. She was artlessly happy when his efforts to catch the atmosphere of the place were successful, and once, when he had admirably caught the tints of the sea—the dull gray of the foreground, the violet of the middle distances, the purple black along the horizon—she clapped her little hands delightedly and cried "Bravo!" again and again.

One day, when the picture was nearly finished and she was sitting quietly on her stone watching his work, Judson suddenly put aside his brushes and palette and turned to her.

"I want to talk to you," he said eagerly. "I want to say whole lots of things even if you can't understand them."

She smilingly nodded. It was evident to him that she thought he was speaking of the picture.

"I have caught a bit of the coast of Brittany," he said, waving his hand toward the easel, "but I've lost my heart to a little peasant girl. I love you. Don't you know that even if you can't understand English? I love you," he repeated recklessly.

To his unbounded amazement, she sprang to her feet, her face suffused with deep color.

"Oh—oh! You mustn't!" she gasped in English.

And then, overcome with confusion, she fled, leaving him stunned and trembling.

* * * * * * * *

Judson sought Pere Caesar, an old peasant who often posed for him, and by dint of much sign language to fill out the deficiencies of his execrable French he made the old man understand that he was looking for a girl who dressed like a peasant and spoke English.

"At the chateau," said Pere Caesar shortly.

Then, drawn out by Judson, he explained that the chateau had been rented to an American gentleman—"lord" was the term Pere Caesar used—with unlimited wealth. Yes, there was a daughter, who went about among the peasant folk and who fancied she dressed like them, although he called on Heaven to witness that her dress was no more the peasant dress than fine damask was sackcloth.

Judson cut the old man short and trudged to the chateau. Evening was falling, and the pearl gray mists were rising in the lowlands when he reached the gate. On the terrace he saw a slender figure of a girl walking to and fro, her eyes on the distant sea. At the sight of the man she started violently and seemed momentarily to contemplate flight.

Judson bowed gravely.

"It is," said he in his ridiculous French, "that I have come to repeat to you some of the things I have already said in English—and to say more."

The girl went white, then slowly the color mounted her cheeks. She smiled upon him, and in that smile were whole worlds of intangible sweetness.

"I—I shall be proud to listen to them. Come," she said gently, leading the way up the terrace toward the chateau.

### A Neat Rebuke.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was a man of most courteous mien, but could—as Sergeant Ballantine once forcibly and happily expressed it—"say the most unpleasant things in the most pleasant manner." And this power was never more properly used than in a case in which I had the pleasure of appearing before him on behalf of the plaintiff, while opposed to me was a certain Mr. F——, certainly one of the roughest diamonds—almost an uncut one, I should imagine—the English bar has ever produced. This gentleman wrangled over every triviality and unimportant point and cackled on so volubly that Coleridge's patience was sorely tried. At last the chief justice interposed with the polite remark:

"Unfortunately for your case, Mr. F——, the documentary evidence does not bear out your contention."

The learned counsel, in extremely rude and offensive tones, said, "I say it does."

"Oh, well, then, it would not be courteous of me to contradict you," replied Coleridge, as with a gracious inclination of his head he sank back on his cushions again.

Mr. F—— looked as if he had been left high and dry. Even his brazen impudence recoiled heavily under that sharp rapier thrust.—Pall Mall Magazine.

### Reflections of a Bride.

Wonder if my train is straight? Wish I dare look round to see if that Isabel Price is here—hope she is. She wanted George herself, and she'll be green with envy. I have a feeling that the church is crammed. I hope I don't look white. If George hasn't brought the ring I shall die.

Dear me, in another minute I shall have to say, "love, honor and obey!" Of course, it's all nonsense to think I'm going to obey George, though he certainly plays tennis awfully well. We always won when we played together. He said he should be my slave forever—but, then, men do tell such stories. How fast pa is dragging me along; he is in a mighty hurry to give me away.

I wonder how the girls look behind? If Eva treads on my train I'll never forgive her. Ah! George is there—that's all right, but what a perfect goose he looks. Now, I feel as cool as a cucumber. Here's the clergyman; we're going to begin. Shall I take my glove off now or wait a little while? Poor George! I never saw a man look so nervous. Well I must attend to the service, I suppose.

### A Lawyer's Fee.

There is a criminal lawyer in an eastern city who, rather against his inclination, recently was called upon to undertake the defense of a man accused of gross breach of trust in embezzling from a poor woman the entire amount of her savings.

The lawyer called upon the prisoner for the purpose of eliciting facts upon which to base his side of the case. "First of all," said the advocate, "tell me whether you really embezzled the $2,000."

"To tell you the truth," replied the accused, "I did."

"And of that sum how much have you left?"

"Just $150."

Whereupon the lawyer, as he rose to go, remarked, "I shall, of course, require that you pay me a retainer."

"And how much will that be?" asked the guilty one.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," was the laconic reply.

## THE DOCTOR KNOWS.

**He Is Not Deceived by the Story His Patient Hands Him.**

It was late, the doctor's patients had either passed away or were mending, and he was sitting with a number of his acquaintances in a corner of the club room.

"It's a strenuous life we lead," droned the man of medicine, "with the grim side turned uppermost as a rule, but now and then we get a laugh out of it—a laugh with the lid on, of course; we can't afford to show we're amused. I often wonder," he went on genially, "way some of you chaps ever send for a physician. You don't tell him the truth once in twenty times. You're in a bad way and you're sorry, and to hear you talk I'd think your mouths were cold storage boxes for butter. You suspect that lobster or a rich sauce you ate day before yesterday is at the bottom of the trouble. You know what's curled you up, and you're frightened out of a year's growth for fear I'll learn.

"Accordingly, instead of taking me into your confidence, you tell me an impossible story. And if I cross examine you closely and hedge you in you'll reluctantly admit that you've been somewhat indiscreet. You smoked four cigars Thursday and took six drinks. Doesn't it ever occur to you that I know by your flutters that you smoked from breakfast to bed and took sixteen drinks and six more for good measure?

"If I were to believe you and dose you for your ailments as you describe them, you'd never get well. Now and then I have to give you strychnine and nitroglycerin to restore the action of the heart and to listen to you I might conclude that you'd had too much pink ice at a children's party.

"As I hinted, we doctors get some fun out of it, but what do you do it for? We were not always doctors, we haven't always taken the best care of ourselves, and we're not fools."—Providence Journal.

## FEATHERED GLUTTONS.

**Some Very Greedy Birds That Are Tremendous Feeders.**

Despite the fact that the appetite of a bird has become a common phrase for hard to satisfy, investigations show that birds are inconsistent feeders. The diet of the average kestrel to small European hawks is calculated at 1,000 mice a month, to say nothing of insects and worms. The long owl is as voracious as the kestrel. An investigator, after casting up of these birds, gave it seven mice one after the other. The first six immediately disappeared, each with a gobble and a swig, and the owl did its very best to treat the seventh in a like manner. Ten millions of abdominal capacity, however, prevented, and though the nibble came off the gulp did not, so that for twenty minutes or so the tail of the seventh mouse dangled from the corner of the bird's beak. But in due course it swallowed, the body, and three hours later the pangs of hunger reasserted themselves and the owl ate four more mice.

Four pounds would be a heavy weight for a heron. Yet one of these birds, which was trapped in England, disgorged two recently swallowed trout, one of which weighed two pounds and the other one and a half pounds. Another gourmet had contrived to put away three trout averaging three-quarters of a pound apiece, although it was only four months old, and another had dined upon seven small trout, together with a mouse and a thrush.

Among the greediest birds are wood pigeons, which will continue to gulp down food until their crops are almost at the bursting point. From one of these birds, shot as it was returning from a raid in the fields, no fewer than 800 grains of wheat were taken. Another had contrived to cram down no fewer than 600 peas. A third was endeavoring to sustain nature with 180 beech nuts and a fourth with sixty acorns.

### Creating the Fashions.

Who sets the fashions? Sometimes an original idea emanates from a humble workwoman, and after fusion in the brain and improvements and suggestions given by the great autocrat it emerges, Minerva-like, in full panoply, complete and victorious. Numbers of diligent seekers, a horde of assistants, voluminous notes, sketches, ideas, are pressed into the service. Artists lend their willing services, while the sartorial adept combines, exaggerates, alters old modes, culling, like the bee, flowers of fancy here and there until the bright vision of beauty is realized and the forthcoming styles are decided on.—London Graphic.

### Costly Correspondence.

"I see that a letter supposed to have been written by Henry VIII. has just brought $2,000."

"That's nothing. A letter of mine just brought $10,000."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; to a girl who sued me for breach of promise."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The Separation.

Mrs. Grogan—Keegan an' his wife had a fierce scrap. Mrs. Hogan—An' did they separate? Mrs. Grogan—They did, but Keegan was most dead before th' cops could get th' twisters on Mrs. Keegan an' separate them!—Puck.

### Paving the Way.

"Has Harold asked your father to give his consent?"

"He told father last night that he had made $5,000 in a real estate deal, so I suppose he's asking him on the installment plan."—Milwaukee Journal.

No man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted.—George Eliot.

# A Loyal Mummy

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

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"Well, all I've got to say is don't get fresh and mix in where you're not wanted, Peggie."

"But I want to," returned Peggie serenely. "She treats him terribly, this summer worse than all, and it's the third summer. If some one doesn't interfere it may go on forever. And he's a splendid boy."

"Better than me?"

"Well," said Peggie kindly, "every one is a type unto himself. I don't think your type clashes with Hadleigh's."

"You darling!—

"Not on the veranda, Billie."

"We're engaged."

"I don't care if we're engaged a hundred times; you can't grab me like that on a hotel veranda in broad daylight."

"There you go. You take up Hadleigh and his troubles and never consider for an instant the way you treat me. We've been engaged four years"—

"Not all the time. Six times separately."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're as bad as Betty Wayne, and yet you turn around and sympathize with Hadleigh. Sympathize with me."

"I won't. And I'm not as bad as Betty. It's ever so much better being engaged six times separately to one than it is six times separately to six, isn't it?"

Billie took refuge in ghostly silence in the hammock. Through its meshes he could get a good view of the figure seated on the veranda railing. It was a lissome, girlish figure in pongee and turquoise blue, and he shut one eye contentedly to get the full effect of it against the background of blue sky and sea.

"Betty really thinks the world of him, only she doesn't know it," Peggie announced suddenly after some reflection. "And he considers her so perfectly hopeless that he doesn't dare do a thing but trot around after her like a pet mummy"—

"Mummies can't trot."

"Well, I don't care! He trots around as one would trot if it could trot. Billie Ballister, if you treated me like that I'd never marry you in this world."

"Do you think you ever will?"

"Some day," said Peggie hopefully. "All Hadleigh needs is appreciation. He's tagged around after Betty so long that no other girl will look at him."

"Don't appreciate too strenuously. Hadleigh might not see the point."

"Oh no, he won't." Peggie's scarlet rose seemed to deepen. "If I treated you like a sunny telegraph pole all the time or a C. O. D. express package to be held till called for, wouldn't you see the point if some other girl took you up and delicately and diplomatically intimated to you that you were hideous just right?"

"I wish I had the chance," said Billie gloomily. "What do I do while you're delicately and diplomatically intimating to Hadleigh?"

"Glower," retorted Peggie sweetly. "Stalk and glower and look jealous. Then we'll make up and be engaged for the seventh time. Anyway, Hadleigh won't make love to me. I shall merely act as a diversion for the good of the cause."

It was three weeks later that the diversion ceased. It had been a most successful diversion. Even Billie in his desolation admitted that. So did Hadleigh. From being an engaged nonentity he suddenly became featured on the bill, as Peggie would say. There were handsomer girls at Pineta Point, but there was none quite so winsome and lovable and characteristic of the place as Peggie, and when she undertook the act of delicate and diplomatic intimation she did it thoroughly.

The first week Betty Wayne was amused. The second she flatly declined going in the same coaching party with the two. The third she sent Hadleigh back his ring. And Hadleigh accepted condolences gracefully and pensively and became the steady convoy of Peggie's pink parasol in its wanderings around Pineta Point.

Peggie was happy. Every night she assured Billie things were going splendidly. Hadleigh did take so easily to education. He did not flinch a particle when his ring came back. And Billie said nothing.

The day after the return of the ring the pink parasol took its way up on the bluff overlooking the bay.

"Let's sit here," its owner said to Hadleigh. "I like to watch the fort and the islands. There's Billie Ballister's yacht out there, the Peggie O."

"Named for you, isn't it?"

"It was—last summer."

Hadleigh laughed shortly.

"A new name every summer. It will be the Betty W. soon."

Peggie looked down at him with hurt, surprised eyes.

"Billie will never change the name of that boat," she said, with dignity.

"He painted it out yesterday," Hadleigh answered. "I thought you knew."

"Knew what?"

"Betty only broke her engagement with me for the sake of Ballister. She is out there with him now."

"Out there with Billie!" Peggie rose to her feet. She dared not look at Hadleigh. The pink parasol shielded her from his gaze as she looked out at the Peggie O. "I want to go back to the hotel."

"Peggie"—Hadleigh's voice was more desperate than tender—"I thought you and Ballister were engaged. Did you quarrel too?"

There was no answer.

"If those two come back and Betty wears his ring"— He stopped and moved the pink parasol screen aside. "Peggie, let's be first in this game of choosing partners. Let's"—

Peggie caught her breath and turned her back on the yacht.

"Hadleigh, don't you know I haven't cared for you one bit—not that way? I was sorry for you because Betty treated you like a pet mummy, and you hadn't the courage to rebel. I thought if some one else made the mummy show signs of life she would prize him, but she didn't."

Hadleigh watched the tears in the blue eyes and the grace of understanding fell on him.

"It was Billie," he said.

Peggie smiled back at him bravely.

"It was all my fault. I interfered. I never thought Billie would mind, and I never dreamed you would be serious. There's only Betty really, isn't there?"

"Only Betty," said Hadleigh sadly.

"Then be a loyal mummy. It's something, you know, even to be loyal when no one cares whether you are or not."

A long whistle came up the bluff path. For a second Peggie hesitated, then she answered it, and the form of Billie appeared over a ledge of rock.

"Hello!" he called. "Betty Wayne wants you, Hadleigh. Rustic seat over near the spring. Said she'd wait three minutes and no longer. I've done the best I could for you."

When Hadleigh had disappeared, Peggie looked up at the figure on the ledge of rock.

"Did she really send?"

"No, she didn't," retorted Billie, happily. "But she'll be glad to see him, all the same. Peggie, for the seventh time"—

"Who's out in the yacht?" asked Peggie severely.

"Betty's brother and my little brother and your little brother. A bunch of angel kids, and they'll get a fully good ducking if they don't cheer her up a lot. See her list?"

Peggie sighed as the figure from the rocks slipped down beside her.

"You dear," she said. "You're a loyal mummy, too."

### Base of Mark Twain's Fortune.

Mark Twain said that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. "It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first, and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion the subject of literature versus finance was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed, "but I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astonished," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely.

"Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel I kept it and so became rich."—Success Magazine.

### Result of Presentiment.

"Tony," said a moody British officer to his soldier servant, "something tells me that I shall never come back from this war alive. I seem to have a sort of presentiment that way."

"Then take no heed of it, sir," responded the servant. "Them theer presentiments is frauds. A cousin o' mine had one once, and it treated him real shabby. It was just like the one that's a-troublin' you now, sir. He felt sure that he'd be kilt out in Egypt, so he divided his savings between his sweetheart and his bosom chum and went out to be shot, but never a scratch did he get all the time, though he tried his level best to manage it."

"And what happened when he at length returned, Tony? Did those two give him back the money?"

"Not a farden, sir. They'd been and got spliced while he was away and they'd set up housekeepin' on it."—London Answers.

### Something About Pie.

Usage alone must decide the issue between pie and tart. Philology, at any rate, draws no clear distinction. It only traces back "tart" to the Latin "tortus," twisted, the pastry being the twisted part, of course, while it is very doubtful about "pie." On the whole, Skeat's conjecture that this expresses the miscellaneous nature of the contents is persuasive. All the "pies" seem to go back to the original one, the magpie—in Latin "pica"—from whose black and white aspect come "pied" and "piebald." The old ordinal or service book was called "pica," or "pie," because of the appearance of the black letter type on the white page, and the edible pie, having equally mixed contents, may have been christened after this by mediæval humor. Printers' language retains both "pica" for a kind of type and "pie" for type all jumbled up.—London Chronicle.

### Speed of the Clouds.

The clouds, as a matter of fact, are noted by the weather bureau people chiefly because they show the direction and the velocity of the higher air currents of the atmosphere. They are like chips which show the flow and eddies of a stream. Their speed is almost inconceivable to us who have watched them floating apparently with scarcely any motion across the sky, seeming what an old weather prophet called them, "those most tranquil travelers, the clouds, whose very motion is rest." The fastest horse and automobile records and even steam engine speed are easily outdone by the quietly drifting masses of mist. A mile in thirty-six seconds is not at all an uncommon velocity for the upper clouds, and they have been observed to do a mile in eighteen seconds.—F. S. Hoppin, Jr., in Leslie's Monthly.

## IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY.

**The Peculiar Language and Old Customs of the People.**

Of the strange scenes and customs of the Basque country a traveler writes: "I was struck by the way the women walked and carried themselves. A fat old woman with a huge tray on her head walked along at a swinging pace, shouting her wares meanwhile at the top of her voice. I saw a woman carrying on her head first of all a large tray of fruit (its size can be imagined when I tell you that it was afterward her stall). On the top of this were a basket of washing and a big umbrella to be used to cover the stall. Then in her left hand she carried a supplementary stall, and by the other she led a little child which could just reach the mother's hand by holding its own up as high as it could stretch.

"I was waiting once at a little wayside inn in the village of Ascain when I saw an old lady, followed by two great fat white pigs. They all three waddled over to the village pump, and then, procuring some water in a pail, the old lady proceeded to wash her charges. She cleaned them most assiduously—eyes, ears, tail, back, hind quarters and feet.

"There is a dignity of carriage about all the women in this country. I fancied it might be due to the fact that formerly, before the 'Code Napoleon' came into operation, the law obliged the firstborn, whether boy or girl, to inherit the patrimony and continue the head of the family, the husband taking the wife's name when the inheritor was a woman, thus giving the woman a perfect equality from her birth. The matrons are not less beautiful than the younger women.

"Quite unlike any other language is that of the Basques. Although when hearing the people talk a Spanish sound seems to be occasionally omitted, it is not really at all like Spanish. I was amused to find that 'no' is 'ess' in Basque, and when I asked what 'yes' was I thought at first the answer was 'no,' which would have been very curious, but it turned out to be 'ni,' with the 'i' softly pronounced."

## A PERFUME THAT SMELLS.

**The Awful Odor That Comes From Pure Attar of Roses.**

The perfumer took from his desk a small flask of copper.

"In flasks like this attar of roses comes to us," he said. "Attar of roses is worth from $10 to $25 an ounce, according to the market. This flask is empty now, but in it a little odor still lingers."

The visitor smiled delightedly. He had never smelt pure attar of roses before. Now he unscrewed the stopper and, closing his eyes, with an ecstatic look he applied his nostrils to the flask.

But only for an instant. Then he threw back his head, twisting his features into a grimace of disgust, and he exclaimed:

"Garbage! Bone yards! Glue factories!"

The perfumer laughed.

"All essential oils smell like that," he said. "Yet no good perfume can be made without them."

He took from a shelf a cut glass jar filled with a thick, yellowish oil that looked like petroleum partly refined.

"In this jar," he said, "there are forty ounces of pure attar of roses worth over $800. You know how the attar smells alone. Now watch me make a rich perfume by adding things to it."

He put a few drops of the attar into a vial. He filled the vial with spirits of musk, another of orris, then one of neroli, one of rose, of violet, of orange, of vanilla, and, finally, the oil of cloves and bergamot.

"There," he said, "smell that. Isn't it exquisite?"

"Exquisite!" said the visitor.

"Well, without its foundation of the malodorous and costly attar of roses it wouldn't smell any better than a plate of soup."—New York Herald.

### As a Clincher.

"I'm not so particular about speed, but I must have a gentle horse," repeated Mr. Green. "My wife wants to drive, you see. Will you warrant this horse to be safe?"

"Certainly," said the dealer reassuringly. "He's a regular lady's horse."

"You are sure he's not afraid of anything?" asked Mr. Green anxiously and for the tenth time.

The dealer assumed an air of reflection.

"Well, there is one thing that he has always appeared to be afraid of ever since I got him," he admitted conscientiously. "It seems as if he's scared to death for fear some one might say 'Whoa!' and he not hear it."

### Ancient Bridge Superstition.

A primitive notion existed among the Romans and other races that a bridge was an offense and injury to the river god, as it saved people from being drowned while fording or swimming across and robbed the deity of a certain number of victims which were his due. For many centuries in Rome propitiatory offerings of human victims were made every year to the Tiber. Men and women were drowned by being bound and flung from the wooden Sublician bridge, which, till nearly the end of the republican period, was the one and only bridge across the Tiber in Rome.

### Authorship as a Profession.

Nobody should write who is not firmly possessed of the idea that he has a vocation for literature and is not willing to endure the penalties of art for the sake of serving an art. If a person who writes in that spirit makes a living he earns it. If he makes a fortune he deserves it.—New York Times.

A dwarf sees further than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount.—Coleridge.

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# APPLE BLOSSOMS

By MARGARET RICHARDS

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No kind fate intervened to warn her as he came into the room, quick and eager, and she went to meet him with outstretched hands and shining eyes.

"I am so glad for you," she said impulsively, giving him her hands. "Don't try to pretend you are not proud of yourself, for of course you are. We bought every one of the evening papers and pored over them until I, for one, am positively overcome with awe when I consider that rising young architect, Richard C. Doane." And she swept him a low courtesy. "And fame sat lightly on his brow," she quoted teasingly.

"But she isn't sitting there yet," he laughed, retaining the slender fingers and holding them tightly in his own. "This is only the beginning. There's plenty of hard work ahead."

"You are sure to succeed," she interrupted softly.

"I can only hope so," he returned. "I have worked hard for it and I feel that it is in line with my other work. Yes," he went on thoughtfully, "I think we shall succeed."

"And then?" she asked.

His face was very bright and eager, and she found, to her consternation, that the color flooded her cheeks as her eyes met his. Embarrassed, she picked up a spray of apple blossoms lying on the table. She walked over to the fireplace, drawing the pink and white petals nervously through her fingers. He followed her and stood with one arm resting on the mantel.

"I wonder," he said in a voice he tried in vain to steady, "if I dare to unfold the rest of my aspirations."

"Why not?" she replied, trying to speak easily. "You know I care very much for whatever concerns you." Under the circumstances this was about as unfortunate a remark as she could well have made.

Reassured, he came closer. "Like all well regulated aspirations," he said, with evil amused hesitancy, "they are inspired by one governing idea"—He broke off abruptly and, with a quick step toward her, took her hands in his. His embarrassment had gone and his eyes were very tender. "Surely you know, Catherine, sweetheart," he whispered unsteadily; "surely you know."

For a moment her heart seemed to stop, then with all her strength of will she pushed him from her. "No, no, Richard, I cannot," she whispered brokenly. "I have promised. I cannot."

"Promised what, sweetheart?" he asked, puzzled by this sudden change.

"You know, we have seen a great deal of Mr. Channing lately," she went on unsteadily. "He is often here and is always sending us things—books, game, flowers. Every day something comes either for mother or me. Usually for mother, though—so I never dreamed—he is so much older"—

"Today," she went on, a mournful little catch in her voice, "his man brought those." She nodded toward a curiously wrought bowl on the table, where, massed in sweet profusion, a wealth of apple blossoms overflowed pink and white and fragrant with faint perfume. "And this." She walked to the desk, and, picking up a note, held it out to him.

Mechanically he took it. "Dearest of all women," it began—and he read it to the end.

His face went suddenly white.

"Catherine, surely you will not marry this man?" he demanded hoarsely.

She covered her face with her hands. "I have promised," she moaned.

"Promised! He doesn't even ask for your answer until tomorrow night."

"I have promised mother," she explained, with gentle dignity. "There are business reasons I cannot explain. He was very kind three years ago when father died. We owe it to him to do anything we can."

"It is absurd! Quixotic! The man is three times your age," he returned hotly. Then his voice changed and he took the slender hands in his. "Surely you will not do this thing—let me talk to your mother," he pleaded gently.

"Mother must not know," she said. "Had you seen the distress in mother's face you would know I must do it," she continued. "Don't you understand?" she ended plaintively.

"No, I don't," he answered grimly, "but I do understand that John Channing is worth a couple of millions. Women are all alike," he went on, with sudden bitterness. "It's never what a man is, but what he has that tips the scale. Love cannot compete with Bradstreet. I've been the usual kind of a fool, I suppose," he ended, with a bitter little laugh.

If he had taken her in his arms, then and there, it would have ended differently, but he was very young and very proud and very unhappy and thought it was a manly thing not to show how much he cared. Or if she had let him see that he was dearer than any other man, millions or no millions, he would not have gone, but she, too, was young and proud.

So, hurt and angry, he had gone and she stood where he had left her. She wanted him to go, of course, but it was hard to have him leave like that. She meant to be very brave and cheerful; she kept her heartache to herself; her mother or her husband (here a little wave of self pity shook her) should never know. She sank into a chair and leaned her soft, bare arms on the table. The bright, fair head drooped slowly until it rested against them, and the fire light threw fitful, golden shadows on the white folds of her gown and quivered fantastically on the mass of fragrant blossoms over her bowed head.

* * * * * * *

The dance at the Newport Country club was in full swing. Lights were blazing; the sound of violins came through the open window. Inside, the fifth dance was well under way, and a distracted, dishevled young man sought frantically for a tall, golden haired girl in a thin white gown.

Meanwhile the owner of the white gown and golden hair had slipped away—away from the lights and music and confusion—away from the vision of a stern, gray haired man which had suddenly confronted her—and stood on the wide, moonlit porch outside, alone in the sweet scented dusk.

"You are so silly to act like this," she argued with herself. "He isn't going to hurt you, is he? It doesn't help it any to stay out there and be a coward. Go back. You said you'd do it. Go back." Then she drew closer into the friendly shadows and laid her hot cheek against the cool, young leaves. "Richard, Richard, dear," she repeatedly softly.

Inside, the dance had ended. The music stopped with a crash; the dancers scattered in little groups, and the erstwhile distracted young man found evident consolation in the society of a plump little brunette, who showed no inclination to elude him.

Two persons who had been watching the dancers detached themselves from the crowd and came toward her along the moonlit porch; her mother, pretty, graceful, looking singularly young as the moonlight touched her flushed and—yes—laughing face. There was no doubt about John Channing's mirth; he was laughing heartily.

"He certainly said 'For Miss Page'?" "How could I know?" she heard her mother smilingly protest. And then, "He probably lost the card—my stupidity! Served me right for being afraid to speak," in John Channing's lower amused voice. As they neared the shadow in which Catherine stood he turned and, taking her mother's hand to his, lifted it to his lips. His stern face softened as she had not dreamed John Channing's face could soften, and there was a newly tender note in his voice. "As though," he said softly, "there could be any other woman in the world for me but you."

Swiftly, noiselessly, Catherine turned and fled; around the clubhouse, across the porch, down the steps, into the moonlit garden, conscious only of divine relief. Then as the absurdity of the thing came over her there came with it an uncontrollable desire to laugh. On and on she ran, struggling with subdued laughter, down the path, away from the lights and noise and people—and almost into the arms of a young man who turned sharply around a corner.

"I beg your pardon," he began politely, then stopped short, staring at the laughing face so near his own.

She held out her hands with a little cry of delight that gladdened his heart; to save her life she could not have spoken.

For a moment his eyes searched hers; then his face cleared as if by magic. He wasted no time in explanations, which could be deferred to a more appropriate season, but proceeded promptly to take the lovely, laughing vision in his arms.

### They Were Stopped.

"I want those vers stopped!" shouted the tragedian, striding to the footlights.

"Well, you're stoppin' 'em, ain't you?" asked the boy in the gallery, soaking him with another.—Ilouside Post.

Never be grandiloquent when you want to drive home the truth. Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on it if you want to feed your donkey.

## "CUTTING OVER."

### How Telephone Lines Are Moved From One Switchboard to Another.

"Cutting over" is the technical phrase applied to moving the wires in a telephone central office from one switchboard to another. If you will reflect that many of the switchboards of the type used in the Bell exchanges of large cities carry 5,000 lines, you will see what a task transferring such a mass of wires is. Indeed, there are few mechanical operations which more impress one with a sense of absolutely perfect forethought and organization.

When an exchange is to be "cut over," all the outside lines coming into it, both overhead and underground, developed and practically connected with a new board while the old one is still in use. That is to say, they are brought to the main distributing frame, which is the big rack through which the outside lines are separated and linked to the proper inside lines which run directly into the switchboard and terminate in the "jacks," by means of which the operator is enabled to put any two subscribers into communication.

The opportunities for confusion at this point in the work are evident, and it speaks much for the painstaking care with which it is done that a subscriber is practically never "lost," as the telephone engineer calls it, if one of the lines is temporarily misconnected. To secure such perfection many tests are necessary not only of the outside lines, but of every switch and line, and these are conducted over a long period so as in no way to disturb the service of the subscriber.

The operators are thoroughly drilled in the use of the new board, and when it comes to the actual performance of "cutting over," which generally takes place some hour in the night when business is always light, both boards have a full force to work them. The final step is to cut the old connections and complete the new ones at the same instant. This is usually done by pulling out from the board to be abandoned the heat coils, which are put into every circuit in the distributing frame as a protection to the apparatus against an overload of electricity from lightning or from the crossing of wires, or what not, and simultaneously pushing coils into the mechanism that replaces it. So rapidly can skilled men perform the operation that one of these can perform 600 or 700 cuts in a place in thirty seconds, and the whole process of "cutting over" in a large office does not consume two minutes. There is no interruption of service, however, for one set of wires is dealt with at a time, so that no circuit is out of commission more than half a minute at the longest.

### The End of the World.

That the earth will eventually dry up and all living things will die of thirst is the theory of a scientific writer. He says that in both Africa and Asia, and indeed in all the great levels of the world, the water beds are drying up. Many lakes well known during the historical period have entirely disappeared, while others are shrinking rapidly. "Explorations in central Asia have proved that for centuries a zone stretching from the east to the southeast of this part of the czar's dominion has been drying up. Deserts are gradually spreading, and reports show that it is only in the neighborhood of mountains, round whose brows vapors condense and fall, that irrigation can be carried on or life itself can be preserved."


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